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The Summit Or the Poll?

THE Budget has not quite shut the door on an early election. For another four weeks or so Mr Macmillan can, at least in theory, tease Mr Gaitskell about the vacant possession of Number 10. But this freedom of manœuvre is in fact a good deal less than it appears in theory. Assuming 11 June as the latest possible election date, this side of the summer holidays, Mr Macmillan is not absolutely obliged to announce his decision until the House rises for Whitsun in mid-May. But to delay that long would place a great burden on the party machines, which have to engage in a full round of local government elections in the first week of May. Party organisers like nothing better than a chance to use the lesser occasion as a trial run for the greater. But for that operation to be carried out effectively, the date of the general election must be known—at least approximately—before the local election campaign gets under way.

Is it then possible to draw any firm conclusion from the Budget about Mr Macmillan's electoral intentions? As far as its economics and politics are concerned, all that need be said in this context is that the size of the Chancellor's 'give-away' is very much what most observers expected; and while Mr Heathcoat Amory will be sharply (and rightly) criticised for the pattern of distribution he has chosen, once again there is not much ground for surprise. He has in fact behaved exactly as a Tory chancellor might be expected to behave when faced with a measure of unemployment and a recessive economy. His Budget will be reasonably popular this spring—memories of past blunders being mercifully short—but it is possible to argue that it may look even better in the autumn when (ministers hope) the benefits will have been felt both on personal incomes and on the national economy. As to the technical problems which arise from Budget legislation, it would be possible for the Finance Bill and the bill enacting the changes in post-war credits to be forced through parliament prior to a dissolution in early May. But it would be difficult, and to attempt it would give the opposition effective grounds for arguing that the government had used the Budget purely as a short-term electoral bribe.

All in all, then, the most sensible conclusion appears to be that Mr Macmillan's mind is leaning heavily towards an October election; that he is holding on till the last possible moment to his trump card of a snap election within the next two months; but that he proposes to play it only if the opposition were maladroit enough to present him at short notice with some overriding tactical advantage—or if he felt that his international position would be stronger after an election than it is now.

In truth it is the grave international, not the internal, situation against which Mr Macmillan is trying to judge the moment for his election. Looked at from this point of view, the arguments are complex and not all on one side. It has, for instance, been widely assumed outside Britain that Mr Macmillan's original purpose in trying to promote the Summit meeting was to bolster his own electoral fortunes: he might go some way to establish his *bona fides* with the other Summiteers if he faced the election before getting to the Summit. Moreover, any statesman at the end of his period of office is something of a lame duck. What better to arrive for the Summit climb reinvigorated by a thumping vote of confidence?

But there's the rub. While Mr Macmillan must feel that he would have a good chance of winning an election now, it is extremely difficult to believe that his party would not lose a good number of seats. And how then would he face the baleful eyes of Adenauer and de Gaulle? If he were concerned only with domestic affairs, he would be tempted to plunge now on the chance of a reduced, but working, majority for another five years. But internationally he needs not only power, but prestige. For this reason, he will probably be tempted to face the risks of the Summit, before tackling those of the polls. This calculation is further strengthened by Dr Adenauer's decision to relax his personal control over German policy: after weeks of western deadlock, it is perhaps now more possible that Mr Macmillan will get the kind of Summit he wants—and the world needs.

Comments on the Week's News

Beer and Bonuses

There are two key questions by which the Budget must be judged. How has the Chancellor distributed £360m. in tax reliefs? And how much has he done to lift the economy out of its present stagnation? The answer to the first is clear from the tax-tables: once again there are substantial concessions to families with an income over £1,000 a year, while those with £15 a week or less, who are the majority of employed workers, get trifling advantages at the bottom of the income-tax range, from purchase-tax reductions and from the politically popular cut in the price of beer. (Was beer chosen because a cut will mean a drop in the price-index?) In fact, the poll-tax of National Insurance is the main tax-burden on most wage-earners – and the Chancellor's concessions to the income-tax payer contrast sharply with successive increases in this poll-tax and the freezing of the Treasury contribution to the Insurance Fund. He may excuse his failure to give anything to the pensioners by saying that this requires separate legislation; but he has found it possible to bring in a bill for speeding-up post-war credit payments. There is, in short, to be some pump-priming, but nothing is being done to close the widening gap between the classes. Indeed, the *Economic Survey* implied that 'recovery' is dependent on keeping earnings down in the coming year.

It is here that the second question applies. The Chancellor assumes that demand will rise, thereby reducing unemployment. So it may, but rising consumption will not in itself lead to more productive investment while there is so much slack in the economy—nor will it ensure that output expands in the right industries or that it will not impose a strain on our balance of payments. Some help will be given, of course, by the 'incentive' of tax reductions on company profits – though there will be strong pressure for much of this money to be distributed to shareholders rather than ploughed back – and by the investment allowances. But both of these factors take time to become effective: in the short run the Chancellor is clearly relying more on creating a mood of confidence. Nothing in this Budget really tackles the greatest problem – that is, the need for a rapid increase in productivity in the export industries. Having stabilised the economy by stagnation and unemployment, the government turns to the spending habits of the middle class as a means of 'expansion': it has failed to set the right priorities either in social need or industrial investment.

Satellite Iraq

While the West has been preoccupied with Berlin, a potentially more serious crisis threatens in the Middle East. Until the outbreak of the Mosul revolt in Iraq, reports of Communist infiltration of the Iraqi government and administration were generally discounted in the west; they were seen as politically inspired rumours fabricated by Cairo. To some extent this scepticism was justified. Since the Mosul revolt, however, there has been an abrupt shift in the internal balance of power in Iraq. Hitherto, the army had constituted the ultimate authority, using a small group of western-trained Socialist politicians as its governmental instruments. But as a result of the revolt, the army has been seriously split and weakened; more than half its officers are under arrest or in flight, and it has ceased to constitute an effective barrier to a Communist *coup*. Indeed, some of its units are already being run by 'soldiers' committees'. The political wing of the regime has been similarly weakened: though the National Democrats still hold a majority of the seats in the Cabinet, they no longer effectively control their ministries, which are in the hands of the civil servants – many of them recently appointed Communists, who have replaced purged Nasserites. In so far as there is any government at all, it is now in the hands of the Communists. Their tactics seem to be aimed at paralysing the central government, thus allowing 'spontaneous' movements of workers and peasants to control events. In the towns, the workers have already been organised into 'People's Defence Committees', and this week Communist emissaries have been dispatched to the countryside to organise 'Leagues of Peasants' as a prelude to a mass take-over of the land. In some provincial towns there has been serious mob violence in the last fortnight, and shops, factories and hotels have been 'nationalised' by workers' groups. Baghdad itself remains calm, though 'vigilance groups' patrol the streets, arresting – and sometimes killing – those who show inadequate revolutionary zeal. Business is at a standstill. Many schools will close this week, following the resignation of 500 Egyptian teachers. The middle class, which once seemed likely to be the biggest beneficiary of the revolution, is now in a state of terror. Nasser, having burnt his bridges and declared open war on the Communists, is banking on an Iraqi counter-revolution some time this summer, which will provide him with the opportunity for military intervention. But it is by no means certain – as Nasser seems to assume – that the Russians, who are now reorganising the Iraqi army, will relinquish their latest satellite without a struggle.

Adenauer's Successor

Mystery surrounds the unexpected decision of Dr Adenauer to accept nomination for President. Observers have been quick to argue that Dr Adenauer's acceptance was a result of a clever manœuvre by his critics within the CDU rather than a deliberate decision of his own. Though the Chancellor's hold over his party has weakened within the last year, it would be unwise to lend too much weight to this explanation. He can, if he chooses, remain in office as Chancellor until the Summit negotiations are well under way – or abandoned – and as President he will play a much larger part in politics than his predecessor. He may, indeed, have been impressed by the constitutional role General de Gaulle has carved out for himself, and be aiming at creating a similar one for himself: the German constitution is still flexible, and Dr Adenauer carries enough personal authority to bend it to his wishes. It will in any case be some time before his successor will be powerful enough to alter the main lines of post-war internal or external policy. Dr Erhard, a 63-year-old Bavarian and architect of the 'Economic Miracle', seems the most likely candidate. Popular among the working and middle class, he is regarded as the best vote-winner in the party; but his views on 'Little Europe' are suspect. The big industrialists and the 'Little Europeans' would prefer the Finance Minister, Franz Etzel, who until his appointment was Vice-President of the Coal-Steel High Authority. Another possible is Eugen Gerstenmaier, Speaker of the Bundestag, who leads the liberal wing of the CDU and holds more flexible views of re-unification. Outsiders include Herr Schröder, Minister of the Interior, able, popular, but regarded as too young (he is 48); and Herr Strauss, the aggressive and much distrusted Defence Minister. Whoever is chosen, however, is likely to have a difficult time preserving party unity: the CDU was very much Dr Adenauer's personal creation. In recent months its internal conflicts have become more pronounced, and the end of Dr Adenauer's authoritarian control may well bring them out into the open.

The Disunited West

The Nato Foreign Ministers' conference in Washington failed totally to break the deadlock over western policy. As expected, Messrs von Brentano and de Murville had no brief to negotiate, and all that Mr Herter, standing in for Mr Dulles, was empowered to do was to suggest that any 'freezing' plan be put forward as a basis for negotiations only on condition that its operation is linked to a 'political settlement' of the German problem – i.e., reunification through free elections. Brentano and Murville accepted this, as well they might, for the political link is bound to kill the freezing plan right from the start – indeed, Mr Macmillan's motive in putting it forward was precisely that a political settlement was out of the question at this stage, and that therefore regional arms limitation was the only alternative. Mr Selwyn Lloyd refused to withdraw the British working paper, which embodies the plan, and the dispute has now been passed to the standing group of Nato 'experts' in Paris. They are supposed to draw up a final contingency plan, and what in current diplomatic jargon is known as a 'price-list' for western concessions – an academic exercise, since it is not yet certain which, if any, items will be for sale. The four western Foreign Ministers will then reassemble in London on 29 April, to approve the final tactical scheme for the East-West meeting at Geneva on 11 May. There is now serious concern in London lest the sheer pressure of time may force Britain to abandon her initiative solely to allow the West to present a united front, however negative, at Geneva. Hence, Mr Macmillan is seeking further encounters with Dr Adenauer and General de Gaulle, before the end of the month. It now seems probable that Dr Adenauer will come to London next week; but there has been no response to a similar suggestion made to the French President.

Mr Haxell's Critics

The Communist leadership of the Electrical Trades Union carefully chose the moment to 'try' its critics. Even if the union executive has refrained, at its meeting last week, from drastic action against Mr Cannon, Mr Young and Mr Sullivan, it will have made further discussion of the issues raised by their case impossible for at least three months. Nothing more can be said within the union until the time-limit for appeal has passed, and should there be an appeal – which could easily be put in by a Communist-controlled branch as a delaying tactic – the matter could drag on for a year. The aim of the Communists is to prevent this affair being discussed at the union's conference at Bridlington in June,

and, if necessary, to wrap it up in the rule-book until after the coming elections for president, secretary and the 11 seats on the executive. The union leadership, in any case, has carefully confined the argument to the 'disclosure of union business' by its critics, and thus blocked their effort to raise the substance of their disclosures – that is, the manner in which the Communist advisory committee controls the union. Only two members of the executive, it seems, have objected to the methods of this kangaroo court, in which the accused have been called on to prove their innocence: they are Mr Colin Walker and Mr Frank Chapple, both of whom are up for re-election this year, and both of whom – according to gossip among Communist members of the ETU – will be the object of a special campaign to unseat them. No doubt the leadership will use every technical device to limit opposition criticism at the Bridlington conference, but it is much more concerned about the union elections. Though Mr Foulkes, Mr Haxell and the nine members of the executive who follow their line will be backed by the Communist electoral machine, the ETU membership has the opportunity to clear up the mess without intervention by the TUC.

The Balance Tips in Kenya

Kenya is hanging on a political balance between Uganda and Tanganyika on the one hand and Central Africa on the other. The two former territories are irrevocably committed to majority African government; in the latter, the white minority has shown a fanatical determination to preserve its domination. Until recently it seemed probable that the European settlers of Kenya would attempt to follow the example of their Central African brothers, and several attempts have been made to link up in a common cause. But the Kenyan whites have felt the impact of the Mau Mau shock; Kenyan Africans have been better organised and led than those of Central Africa and have thus made a more profound political impression; while European liberals in Kenya have found their way into high government office. The effect has been slowly to tilt the political balance in Kenya towards a greater readiness for compromise and moderation. The new détente of Michael Blundell and his supporters may be a belated attempt to preserve some European stake in the colony, but it is also a move, however inadequate, in the right direction. Indeed, if their declarations are to be taken seriously, the group have gone a long way towards abandoning those European bases on which the preservation of white supremacy has depended. Yet because this new policy has come so late, African politics have already developed on strongly nationalist, if not racial, lines. This inevitably makes compromise and collaboration difficult; and Mr Blundell has increased this difficulty by not inviting any African elected member to his discussions. Nevertheless, the statement of the Blundell group may come near enough to African objectives to allow the two groups to avoid those diametric opposites which provoke constitutional deadlock. If so, the extremes of European nationalism and African racialism may gradually become isolated. The responsibility of the British government now becomes much clearer. It must categorically state that the objective in Kenya is to create a non-racial, democratic, self-governing nation, ultimately attaining independent statehood. In the meantime its own function is to retain sufficient authority to prevent any contrary influences taking control. It should act as a chairman between the various groups, listening sympathetically to the two points of view – much more sympathetically than Mr Lennox-Boyd seems ready to do to the all-racial delegation organised by the African elected members which arrives in London next week. It is immediately important to rebuild African confidence in British justice. This is possible only by providing for a completely independent judicial examination of affairs like the Macharia incident and the Kenyatta trial, which have convinced African opinion that the British and Kenyan governments are in league to victimise African agitators and do not scruple in their methods of so doing. A prompt change of attitude by Mr Lennox-Boyd on this issue would go far to tip the Kenya balance in the right direction.

The Cyprus Government

The names put forward by both Greek and Turkish Cypriots for the ministerial vacancies in the Cyprus transitional committee have occasioned a good deal of comment in some sections of the British press, both because Mr Denktash is omitted from the Turkish list and, far more, because Archbishop Makarios has drawn his nominees (with the striking and welcome exception of the radical Glafkos Clerides) largely from the extreme right. Four of his ministers-to-be are, in fact, prominent members of Eoka. If this proves anything, however, it is that both the Archbishop and Dr Kutchuk are determined to do all that is necessary in the cause of getting self-government started. There is reason to think that Mr Denktash would have been particularly unwelcome to the Greek community; while Dr Kutchuk, however much he may dislike having to rub shoulders with the Eoka high command, would undoubtedly prefer this to the alternative of a government drawn from the extreme left. There is, however, a further point: it seems clear that, at the London Conference, the Archbishop came to an understanding with Mr Ziaiides and the trade unions that he should be given a more or less free hand until the independence of Cyprus was achieved. Opposition therefore to his inevitable compromises was likely to be most troublesome on the extreme right, among the truculent young chauvinists of Eoka. It is this group which is now implicated in the government – and thereby perhaps silenced for the time being. This is a risky manœuvre, but it may prove a shrewd one.

Bantu Self-government

Superficially the Bantu Self Government Bill recently published in South Africa is a specious camouflage for the true purpose of *apartheid*. The bill is designed first to abolish African parliamentary representation and secondly to set up eight Bantu territorial authorities throughout the country. These authorities will have limited local government powers, subject to a governmental commissioner-general and ultimately to white control. It is significant that they will be based on ethnic groupings and will have authority over those members of the ethnic groups who live in towns as well as in Bantu areas. In short, the South African government's object is to divide the Africans according to tribe, to prevent them organising nationally and to set up stooge local governments. After the removal of the present African representatives in parliament – all white – only the members representing Cape Coloureds will remain to dilute the white parliamentary monopoly. It may well be that the South African government is making a new stick with which its back will be beaten in the future. Once even the elements of local government are established, activity amongst the Africans may be stimulated and the demand for full rights be put forward. The concentration on tribalism may inhibit this political development for a time; but Africans have mixed widely in the towns over the last 30 years, and it seems probable that they themselves will break down these artificial ethnic divisions and develop a unified political momentum.

A New Voice for Law Reform

It was Lord Goddard who once said that the usefulness of the judges' power to punish for contempt of court depended on the wisdom and restraint with which it was exercised. During the past few years there have been some cases in which those two qualities seemed to play an inconspicuous part, and the admirable report now issued by 'Justice' (*Contempt of Court;* Stevens & Sons, 5s.) suggests that, although the courts must necessarily retain the power to punish them, contempts should never be prosecuted without the consent of the Attorney-General and unless some 'substantial and unjustifiable interference with the course of justice has occurred'. It makes the salutary proviso that, in a democracy based on free-

dom of speech, the public interest involves other matters than 'the due administration of justice.' In particular, the substantive law of 'criminal contempt' is chaotic, says the report, and a serious handicap to free discussion. In a catalogue of criminal contempts which it thinks is not exhaustive, it includes everything from libelling the judges to 'jurors eating in court'—without saying whether any of these last have ever gone to prison. In 1899 the Privy Council said that the old offence of scandalising the court had become obsolete; but, as this report recalls, it was revived in 1928 to deal with the NEW STATESMAN for accusing Mr Justice Avory of partiality in a libel action by Dr Marie Stopes. It is perhaps a little odd that 'Justice' would withhold the right to trial by jury in some contempt prosecutions on the ground that newspaper defendants would not elect to be so tried: it is surely not the kind of case where the mode of trial would be at the defendant's choice. But this report offers a practical and (in the main) progressive solution to one of the law's strangest anomalies—including the long-overdue right of appeal.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Westminster

This Year, Next Year, Sometime . . .

Budget Day, that grizzled succession of clichés, did not this year run quite to pattern. There was, of course, the handful of MPs reserving at eight o'clock in the morning the seats they could equally well have reserved at half-past two in the afternoon. There was, of course, the ghastly annual photograph of the Chancellor holding up his little bag on the steps of 11 Downing Street. There was the customary submission to the convention that, as the Stock Exchange does not close officially until half-past three, nothing of importance should be said in the Budget speech until half-past four. Hence, though unofficial dealings can and do proceed in Throgmorton Street until a late hour in the evening, the House was subjected to the usual dreary review of the year's finances, already clearly set out in the Financial Statement, just because the Treasury persists in assuming that all good members of the Stock Exchange invariably get home in time for tea.

For the customary hour we sat, on packed bench or in cramped gangway, some pretending to think better with their eyes shut, some with eyes still open but making no pretence at stifling yawns, but the majority quietly sleeping; and on these serried ranks of slumbering legislators, yellow in the shaded sunlight, the Chancellor cast his dried leaves. It was a pastoral scene, hallowed by tradition, and wholly unnecessary. And the Chancellor himself? He had the customary glass of something by the Dispatch Box and made the customary joke about it. 'I wish to stimulate the economy', he said as he took a sip (Churchill at a similar moment years ago had said: 'I will now proceed to fortify the revenue'). True to the tradition that a Chancellor must exhaust himself in the interests of ritual—during the 1909 Budget Speech, the House adjourned for 30 minutes to let Lloyd George recover his voice—he was flagging visibly on the last lap.

But in one small way and in one big way, this was Budget Day with a difference. Because by some mismanagement, question time finished early, the Chancellor timed his traditional and normally dramatic entrance at 3.15 p.m. to coincide with the entrance of Mr Albert Hilton, the victor of South-West Norfolk, so, amid the opposition's delighted welcome for what it hoped was the first of many swallows, the Chancellor had to slide in unnoticed; and when he was called to speak, he was still so busy communing with the Prime Minister that he almost missed his cue.

A more important difference, however, was that everyone in the House was watching this Budget for any indication it might give about the date of the general election. So both sides, when the Chancellor at last got down to business, examined each titbit as it was dangled not only for its fairness or for its effect on the economy but also, and indeed mainly, for its effect on the voters. Thus when he announced the twopence off beer, that traditional Tory bribe, there was loud derisive laughter from an opposition which, but for this proposal, would probably have attacked the Budget on the grounds that it gave nothing to the working class; and he drew further derision when he announced that he would take steps to extend the pay-off of post-war credits later in the year, if the economic situation justified it.

But when it was all over, both parties seemed to have decided that this was not an immediate election Budget. There were the technicalities—only exceptional drive could force the necessary legislation through the House in time for May or even June. There was the fact that no single proposal in it was quite up to the expectations of the Chancellor's supporters, which probably explains the fact that the ninepence cut in income tax, biggest since before the war, was received in silence. But above all, for me, at any rate, were the faces of the other Cabinet ministers as they listened to the Chancellor. These showed none of the half-impish excitement one would have expected, none of the sly interest in opposition reaction, if May was to be the date. Instead they wore the composed, almost bored expressions of men who already knew for certain that the time was not yet.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

Cheers for Beer

Whatever else Mr Heathcoat Amory may or may not have achieved with his Budget he certainly succeeded in getting a press such as few Chancellors can have dreamed of. Reading the newspapers on Wednesday morning one began to wonder what had happened to Fleet Street. What with both income tax *and* beer all the defences were down.

That *The Times* should declare 'In view of what has been said in these columns about the needs of the 1959 Budget, nobody will expect from us anything but warm approval of the principles on which Mr Heathcoat Amory based his proposals', is unlikely to cause surprise anywhere. But to find the *Daily Herald* throwing its hat in the air with quite such abandon seems likely to cause a few raised eyebrows here and there. 'Wait For It. . . . For the Glorious Twelfth of June', shouted the *Herald*. 'That's the Pay Day for Chancellor Amory's 9d. off the Income Tax. Which means most wage earners will pay no tax that week. Worth celebrating? Then drink a 2d off pint of beer *today*. That's when it's cheaper to say Cheers.' And off the *Herald* tripped in an absolute glow of goodwill with only one critical word: 'Hard-hearted Heathcoat gave not a penny to Britain's five million Old Age Pensioners'. The *News Chronicle* was a little more restrained. It decided that 'The Ninepenny Budget, with one shocking omission, can be considered satisfactory. Playing from economic strength the Chancellor has emptied his basket'. The shocking omission was, of course, old age pensioners—a fact on which there was general agreement. To the *Mirror* it was 'A Taste of Honey'. Despite its reminder that not only the old age pensioners but the unemployed and those who do not earn enough to pay income tax get little, it nevertheless proclaimed 'The People of Britain—or some of them—at last get a Pat on the Back. Good for Britain'. From the *Sketch* it was 'Cheers for a Nibble. . . . A Little Bit of My-Fair-Lady for nearly everybody'. The *Mail* was more wholesale. It would have nothing to do with all this nibble stuff. 'In a clever, skilful Budget,' it declared, 'he has given us something worth having off PAYE while keeping enough back to shower gifts on all and sundry. Two words describe his Budget: The Lot.' Rather curiously the *Express* kept its enthusiasm in a lower key than most of its popular rivals, even those of the Left. While declaring 'The Chancellor is entitled to praise for his Budget' it went on to say that, although he had been generous in his reductions of taxation, 'many will think that he might have spread his favours with a more discriminating hand'. It argued that a total elimination of many of the purchase tax rates 'might have been even sounder policy than the cut in income tax'.

On the other hand, that normally austere critic of national financial policy, the *Manchester Guardian*, joined the general chorus of approval. Heading its leader 'Bold Budget', it declared: 'The Chancellor has done much more than priming the pump. His Budget is meant to put £366 m. of extra spending power into the British economy this year, and though a part of this will be saved or spent on imports the rest is likely to give a powerful stimulus to production'. Its only doubt indeed was whether the Chancellor had not done too much. 'It is,' it remarked broodingly, 'not easy to see why it was necessary to have such a bold Budget'.

Such detailed criticisms of the Budget as there were—apart from the failure to do anything for retirement pensioners—came, rather interestingly, from *The Times* and the *Telegraph*. Both were a little worried about some of the Chancellor's methods. *The Times*, for example, found the actual choice of indirect tax cuts both unexpected 'and in some ways a little peculiar'. Indeed, these indirect tax concessions were, it thought, 'patchy and discriminatory as a whole', remarking coldly that 'only a beer drinker can get anything like a fair deal out of it all'. It added that if the Chancellor's decision had been governed by the disproportionate effect the price of beer has on the retail price index, 'it is the index that should be adjusted, not the tax changes'. The *Telegraph*, too, considered that in reducing the tax on beer 'the government have fallen into the error of confusing the cost of living index with the cost of living'. It thought a reduction in the petrol tax would have been much more preferable.

As for the question of the Budget and the election date Fleet Street's general judgment was that on balance it points more to a late election than an early one.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Reflections on Tibet

It was one of the invaders of Tibet who wrote:

> We killed several thousands of these brave, ill-armed men; and as the story of the fighting is not always pleasant reading, I think it right, before describing the punitive side of the expedition, to make it quite clear that military operations were unavoidable – that we were drawn into the vortex of war against our will by the folly and obstinacy of the Tibetans.

He went on to describe with some embarrassment how Tibetan soldiers, bewildered at discovering that their holy land was not impregnable, had walked – not even run – away while some 700 of them were relentlessly mowed down by bullets. The invader in question was not a Chinese, nor was the date 1959. It was Mr Edmund Candler, a *Daily Mail* correspondent who was himself wounded in the Younghusband Expedition which fought its way up to Lhasa in 1904.

He recorded his experiences in *The Unveiling of Lhasa*, published in the following year. He described incidentally his horror at the squalor, the dirt and the cruelty that the British found in Tibet. No doubt, he says, the Lamas employed 'spiritual terrorism' to maintain their system of rule and justified it by their own dread of an

> age of materialism and reason, when little by little their ignorant serfs will be brought into contact with the facts of life, and begin to question the justness of the relations that have existed between themselves and their rulers for centuries. But at present the people are medieval, not only in their system of government and their religion, their inquisition, their witchcraft, their incantations, their ordeals by fire and boiling oil, but in every aspect of their daily life.

Mr Candler's contempt for Tibetan religion, and his belief that the British had let in science to end 'bigotry and darkness' is as fervently 'scientific' as the attitude of the Chinese today. The British, however, did not interfere with Tibet's 'medieval' system; after the British left a soldier could still be flogged to death – a not rare event, Mr Candler explains. The British did not occupy the country or undermine the authority of the lamas. They merely imposed a settlement under which the Tibetans accepted a number of trading posts – an advantage passed over to India in 1948; agreed to pay an indemnity of half a million pounds (afterwards cut down); and undertook not to allow any other foreign power political or economic concessions in their territory. The British alone would be allowed to construct roads or railways, erect telegraphs or open mines.

In the event, the British carried out no development projects. We left it to the Chinese Communists. Mr Candler explains that the British expedition was necessary in order 'to make the Tibetans understand that they could not afford to trifle with us. The existence of a truculent race on our borders who imagined they were beyond the reach of our displeasure was a source of great political danger. We went to Tibet to revolutionise the whole policy of the Lhasa oligarchy towards the Indian government'.

It is surely odd that Mr Richardson, the last British representative in Tibet, and officer in charge of the British mission to Lhasa in 1946-1947 and of the subsequent Indian mission from 1947-1950, should not have dealt with this earlier aggression in his recent radio talk on Tibet and that in his long article in the *Observer* on 5 April, he should have made no reference to the Younghusband Expedition, and should even have given the impression that the 'quiet life' of the Tibetans was for the first time 'shattered by the Communist invasion of 1950'.

To many young Asians and Africans it seems hypocrisy for the British to denounce Chinese imperialism for trampling upon an idyllic Tibet. This does not mean that they approve China's repression in Tibet; many see the peril of an organised and purposeful China pressing down upon the frontiers of India and South-East Asia. But they know that much western comment has been ignorant and prejudiced; that it is often inspired by love neither for India nor Tibet; that it totally disregards the danger to Indian security in the sprawl of Tibetan Buddhism over the frontiers, as well as the character of Tibetan society and the too long delayed need for what Mr Candler calls letting the light of reason and science into Tibetan darkness and superstition.

Some inkling of this uniquely unworldly world, whose precipitous edge I was approaching, came to me last spring when I visited Kalimpong, Sikkim and Nepal. Though I wrote on my return about what I could reliably learn of events in Tibet, I said nothing of my interviews with refugees, partly because I did not wish to add to the fog of rumours about plots and spies and partly because I did not regard these personally very attractive exiles as reliable or unprejudiced witnesses. I put up at the now famous hotel in Kalimpong where foreign journalists from many countries have recently gathered to exchange gossip, and where, even last year, I met men of many nations taking note of each other's presence and trying to discover, without too much appearance of suspicion, the nature of each other's business.

It was in this bizarre hill town that I met the ex-Premier of Tibet who recently led a delegation in Delhi. We exchanged scarves. I made a mess of the ceremony. When you meet an inferior in Tibet you give him a short scarf and he gives you a long one. If you are presented to a Prime Minister or a VIP you extend a great length of scarf to show your respect. I did not realise that I ought to display the polite length of my scarf, and so while he greeted me with yards of fluttering white silk, I merely passed him my scarf in a bundle as you might make a present to your best girl. He hastily recovered from his surprise at my lack of manners, perched himself on a pile of rugs and with the help of an interpreter described to me the terrible things the Chinese were doing. During our conversation I drew a little picture of the complicated turquoise and gold earring that hung nine inches long from his left ear – a mark, they tell me, of a high official. I also jotted down his words in my notebook.

Plucking his straggling beard when he was particularly agitated, the Premier described the sacking of Lamaseries and disrespect shown to important Lamas. In his mind these crimes clearly out-topped all others. I asked him about reforms in Tibet; he thought very few necessary and had a long legal justification for the existing system of landlordism. He plucked his beard most fiercely when I urged that the Dalai Lama himself seemed to be in favour of far-reaching changes.

One of his complaints was that the Chinese pretended that resistance in Tibet was the work of Chiang Kai-shek's agents whereas in fact it was the inevitable result of Chinese attempts to interfere with Tibet's religion – which in Tibet is synonymous with the way of life. I thought it likely that there was about as much truth in the charges of foreign intrigue in Tibet as there was in the Soviet complaint that the Hungarian rising was due to Fascists. In both cases, 'special service' people would be at hand to encourage and exploit discontent; but in both cases their activities would have come to nothing had not the Communists been intolerably oppressive. Foreign plots are the stock excuse.

I met other refugees, not in Kalimpong, who helped me to understand Tibetan resistance. Some were important personages who had been deprived of their lands and positions. I also had long talks with monks who seemed quite unable to realise what had happened to them. The one thing clear about all these refugees was that they were flying from a social revolution imposed by the Chinese; that their religion and the sacred character of the Dalai Lama was of supreme importance to them, and that they believed that the fighting, sporadic although it then was, was the beginning of a national revolt.

It is from such sources as these that many western newspaper accounts seem to have been built up. Often, reports – such as the number killed in Lhasa, the threats to the Dalai Lama and other Chinese actions which are supposed to have ignited the revolt – have been merely hearsay; there is no regular wire service from Tibet to Kalimpong; and news, even if, rarely, it comes by fast Jeep, in conditions of peace takes up to a week to arrive. The irresponsibility of some of the reports and, in particular, of some ignorant and venomous attacks on Nehru, have beaten previous records. They have been found not only in the comically prejudiced columns of the *Daily Express*, but also at first in the *Manchester Guardian* – which, however, has honourably changed its tone in the last week. Nehru was speaking the precise truth when he said that he did not know what had happened in Lhasa; the Indian consul has been the only source of solid information, and he has not been allowed to do more than look out of the window. Nehru must wait to learn from the Dalai Lama himself why the Chinese ended the truce by which, only last year in Lhasa, they promised to postpone drastic social change for a period of six years.

The Tibetan revolt and its suppression by Peking opens a new and dangerous chapter in Asian history. Responsible commentators have begun to understand the reason for Nehru's caution. No wonder that he avoids uttering irrevocable words of condemnation about China or that, perhaps still hoping to act as mediator, he places good relations with China at the head of his admittedly conflicting priorities. For him to abandon his *Pancha Sila* agreement with Chou En-lai and to give up hope of peaceful relations with Peking would be the most tragic of decisions for India and the world.

If all 2,000 miles of frontier have to be armed and fortified; if India must every day fear invasion from China, then Delhi must spend far more on war preparations than the 50 per cent. of her budget that already goes in armaments, and there will be little hope that India can continue to base her industrial development on democratic principles or make her chief object the improvement of her miserable standard of living. Instead of a peaceful and constructive democracy offering the alternative to both colonialism and Communism in the East, India would become a country divided between frightened people of property demanding American bombing bases, and Communists exploiting the shocking facts of peasant poverty. They are fools indeed, whether in this country, America or in India who would be glad to see Nehru compelled to abandon Indian neutralism and come forth as a champion in the Cold War.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

London Diary

THE first number of *Dialogue*, which has just appeared, is worth far more than the attention usually given to the journalistic enterprises of undergraduates. It is based on an excellent idea, is useful in itself, and should not be allowed to peter out. (It comes from Oxford and its 'circulation manager' is James Cornish, of Wadham College.) It contains genuine dialogues between writers on opposite sides of the iron curtain. Its principles, say the editors, 'are that nobody in the East is to be assumed without evidence to think like anybody in the West, and that people in the East are not to be assumed to think all alike'. Though only about a dozen replies were received to 200 letters sent out to universities, magazines, writers and other likely sources in all the countries of eastern Europe (except Albania), the magazine contains articles by Moscow students (on western art and St Andrew's University, for instance), selections from Russian novels, and a report on the attitudes of Polish students. There are also a discussion on the future of capitalism between Sir Roy Harrod and a Polish economist, Soviet short stories and arguments about Russian films and books, and articles on disengagement by Denis Healey here and a Soviet journalist. Another good item is an argument between the editor of a Polish newspaper and Alasdair MacIntyre on 'War Crimes and Individual Responsibility'. The statistics of popularity of English, American and French authors in eastern Europe I found quite fascinating. Julian Huxley, for instance, is read in Poland and Hungary, but not in Russia, while the notion that Soviet ideas of this country are all based on Dickens is exploded. Now that the student ice is broken, I wonder whether the editors will succeed in persuading writers from Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Bulgaria to contribute to the second issue of *Dialogue*.

* * *

I shall be interested to see the results of the elaborate survey of the Aldermaston marchers which is being done for the Campaign. But, in the meantime, a special report in *Perspective* – the second issue of the magazine produced by left-wing sixth-formers in London – confirms the general impression that a great many of the marchers were young people. It estimates the number under 21 was a little over 40 per cent. Of these, the majority were middle-class, and students predominated. Many of them were interested in politics, but they supported the Campaign primarily for moral reasons: a little over one-third had religious views, but I notice that even those who claimed to be agnostic thought the moral argument for renouncing the Bomb was at least as strong as the political or economic reasons. The editors of *Perspective* then ask why the Campaign has attracted comparatively little working-class support and suggest that 'although Canon Collins calls the movement an essentially moral campaign for mankind, we have been trying to get the support of the working-class in the wrong way'. They have a point. An all-party organisation (though in fact overwhelmingly Labour in its membership), concentrating on one great negation, the Campaign has not related its propaganda to other economic and social issues which, in the minds of trade union and Labour members, are all part of a single great moral issue of war, Socialism and the Bomb.

* * *

The government has got itself into a fantastic position over the three Bahreini politicians imprisoned in St Helena. These men, who are perfectly respectable social-democrats, were blamed for pro-Nasser riots which took place in Bahrein at the time of Suez, and sentenced to 14 years' imprisonment for 'plotting to murder the Sheikh'. Everyone in Bahrein knew the trial was a farce – all the judges were relatives of the Sheikh, one of them being his brother. Nevertheless, to the general astonishment, the British government offered to provide prison accommodation for the men in St Helena, and a sloop to take them there. This scandalous case was first raised in the NEW STATESMAN, after which a move was set on foot to secure their release. After many legal delays, a writ of *habeas corpus* was served on the Governor of St Helena. Unfortunately, the only issue before the court was technical: whether the imprisonment of the men could be justified under the Colonial Prisoners Removal Act, and the case was lost. It is now to be appealed, but again it will be impossible to raise the validity of the trial. When questioned on this in the House of Commons, not even Selwyn Lloyd had the face to attempt to defend the Sheikh's court. Foreign Office officials admit, in private, that this is one of the least defensible British acts of recent times. The prisoners, though guarded and housed at British expense, are still the legal 'property' of the Sheikh. The Crown cannot exercise the prerogative of mercy in respect of them. So if the appeal fails, they will remain in gaol until 1970 – or even longer, for there is nothing to stop the Sheikh from suddenly doubling their sentence, or, for that matter, ordering their heads to be chopped off.

* * *

Amongst the judicial crimes recently committed in Hungary, one of the most shocking is that concerning the schoolmaster and historian, George Litván, sentenced to six years' imprisonment. He was one of the young Communist believers and was later amazed when he learnt what Communism was capable of becoming. In March 1956 he became famous: at a Communist Party meeting he stood up in Rákosi's presence and took Rákosi to task for the crimes committed. Rákosi was still the most powerful man in the country; it needed great courage to make such a protest. Yet, in the Thaw atmosphere, Litván was not prosecuted. But Rákosi's followers have now taken their revenge. Rákosi himself is not allowed to return to Hungary, and it is official Communist Party policy to admit that he had made 'mistakes'. But there are others acting for him.

* * *

I can understand why Labour leaders are irritated by people like the publishers of the *Newsletter* and the organisers of the Socialist Labour League – both of which have recently been proscribed by the National Executive. Like the Communists, they disagree with Labour Party policy, are pretty free with words like 'traitor' and 'renegade', and regard membership of the party simply as a means of putting over their factional aims. Add to this the fact that some of their leaders were once prominent Trotskyists, who wound up their party and moved into the Labour Party as a group, and that others were associated with *Socialist Outlook*, which was proscribed four years ago. Taken together, this gives Transport House a good case on paper for refusing to accept as members of the party individuals who do not in fact accept its basic 'gradualist' philosophy. But I think that such blanket bans and expulsions – which open the door to witch-hunts – have done Labour much more harm than good. Intolerance drives young people away from Labour. Since Nye Bevan and Stafford Cripps were thrown out 20 years ago, the party leaders have expelled, disciplined or threatened a good many critics who were better democratic Socialists than those who expelled them.

* * *

A friend of mine recently attended a funeral in a Buckinghamshire village church. For some minutes after the arrival of the bereaved family, the 80-year-old vicar continued to dust the church and give loud instructions to the undertakers to go easy with the coffin when they passed the candle holders, which were shaky. When at last he had got the service under way, the vicar announced a psalm which no one sang because there was no organ and no one to lead. After five minutes of silence in the church the undertakers assumed that the service was over, opened the church doors and marched up the aisle to collect the coffin. This surprised the vicar. 'Have they finished the psalm?' he asked. 'I'm deaf.' When it was explained to him that the congregation had not even begun the psalm, he proceeded to read it himself and completed the service without any reference to the deceased. Subsequently, the vicar admitted that he was far too old and far too deaf to do any part of his job properly. 'But,' he said, 'I simply can't afford to retire. My stipend is all I've got'. In this same diocese, the Church is vigorously demanding the right to build two denominational schools, even though a large majority of the villagers would prefer state schools, and even though building and maintenance will cost it many thousands of pounds.

* * *

One of the odd by-products of a change of sex – and are these changes becoming more common or merely more widely reported? – may be its impact on the argument about equal pay. I have heard of two cases, one in Australia and one in this country, where a woman employed at a lower rate of pay has, legally as well as physically, become a man. What happens then? Of course, a man must be paid the man's rate – even though the employee continues to do the same job under the same conditions. No doubt the National Association of Schoolmasters has thought of an answer to this Gilbertian situation, but it does show up the absurdity of sex discrimination in salaries.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Plymouth City Council yesterday took away its £100 grants from two Church homes for unmarried mothers and teen-age girls and gave them instead to Plymouth Dogs and Cats Home.—*News Chronicle*. (Judie Stacey.)

To a good many, I fancy, the burgling of Sir Winston Churchill's home in Hyde Park Gate during his absence in France will seem a dark reflection on even the current standards of our criminal classes.—*Daily Telegraph*. (D. W. Humphreys.)

I saw a picture yesterday of Mr Harold Macmillan, the Prime Minister, wearing a bowler hat. How different he looked. Instead of his usual impression of an elegant, windblown intellectual, he appeared clean cut, tough, and down-to-earth. He looked what he is . . . one of the handful of men who control our fate. And then the thought occurred to me—how would the other world leaders look in bowler hats? —Letter in *Sunday Express*. (C. E. Durant.)

My cat has an insatiable appetite for melon and home-baked, buttered scones spread with blackcurrant jam.—Letter in *Sunday Express*. (M. Shapiro.)

I Know Where I'm Going

SOME time in 1930, A. V. Alexander, then a member of Ramsay MacDonald's Cabinet, spoke to the boys at Royds Hall Grammar School in Huddersfield. Urging them to aim high, he said: 'There's no reason why one of you should not be a Cabinet minister some day'. This was no more than the patronising long shot which visitors offer when they can think of nothing else to say. But it came off; for, in the audience, was the 14-year-old James Harold Wilson, who was to become President of the Board of Trade under Attlee, who will certainly become Chancellor of the Exchequer under Gaitskell if Labour wins the next election, and who may become Prime Minister in his own due time.

In 1916, Wilson had been born into the Colne Valley, that West Riding division of stone-built mills, of wild and blackened moors and of radical politics. No Conservative had, or has ever, represented it in the House of Commons; and its dominating Liberals were so far to the left that they sang 'God Gave the Land to the People' in their Wesleyan chapels, and marched behind banners demanding the abolition of the House of Lords. Even this had not always been enough for the Colne Valley, which had given 1,500 votes to Labour's Tom Mann as long ago as 1895 and had both shocked the country and set itself alight by returning the independent Socialist, Victor Grayson, in the famous by-election of 1907. Wilson was aware of this political atmosphere as soon as he was aware of anything in the solid home of his independent-minded works-chemist father; and when, during the 1923 general election, he had appendicitis and was visited by his parents on polling day, he insisted on driving them from his bedside in good time to get down and vote for Philip Snowden.

By the time he listened to A. V. Alexander, his instincts were already rooted in the Labour movement and his mind was geared to a career in politics. Alexander's good-natured, unthinking aphorism was to Wilson the statement of an obvious fact. Industriousness, an extraordinary memory for facts, and an unusual intellectual ability in marshalling them, took him through Grammar school to Jesus College, Oxford, and a first in PPE, to a lectureship in economics at New College and to a fellowship at University College, alongside G. D. H. Cole. When war broke out, he was already marked as a young man of unusual academic ability so that, though he at once volunteered for the army, he was directed into the Ministry of Fuel and Power as Director of Economics and Statistics. By the time the war ended, he was Labour candidate for Ormskirk and, as a result of the publication of his *New Deal For Coal* and his backroom work on the Labour Party's own coal policy, he was already marked as a coming man in politics. He made his maiden speech in 1945 from the Dispatch Box, as a junior minister; and two years later, at the age of 31, he was in the Cabinet.

Among the keys to his success are intellectual ability, calculating ambition, an inner core as hard as Yorkshire stone and an instinctive feel for the niceties of the political game. Yet none of these attributes, severally or collectively, conveys the whole of Harold Wilson. He is an intellectual, capable both of projecting the broad lines of policy and of providing the cement of accurate, detailed, factual argument. Yet he does not appear as an 'intellectual' in the damning sense of the House of Commons tea-room. His Yorkshire accent (still maintained), his habit of purveying earthy jokes, his genuine interest in such mundane affairs as the Huddersfield Town Football Club and the Yorkshire County cricket team, and that practical memory which, when he meets someone casually, at once serves up not only the right Christian name but also a quick summary of the very subject in which his acquaintance is particularly interested – these qualities are far removed from the aloofness and arrogance of an 'intellectual' as pictured by the 'trade unionists' of the Parliamentary Labour Party.

His personal ambition and his egotism are as durable as diamonds. They sometimes show in a palely level coldness of eye and, more often, in the casual frequency with which he refers to his own past speeches – 'I'm glad you've brought that up. I made exactly the same point in the House on 29 January 1948' – or quotes his own successes – 'You're quite right. I told that to Mikoyan in Moscow last February. He soon climbed down'. But he can survey these traits with such detachment, part cynical, part affectionate, that what in another would be altogether unpleasing in him appears to be little more than a harmless joke. Certainly, as he approaches along a corridor, there is no suggestion of the lean and hungry look of the dangerous intriguer. That tubby, slow-moving figure – contained at Oxford by cross-country running and nowadays, less successfully, by systematic golf – puffing away at his pipe, seems to pervade good natured contentment, a tabby cat without claws, who has tasted cream and wants to tell you where you can get some too.

Those who press below the surface flabbiness soon find a hard, unyielding core of determination, even of ruthlessness. Yet during the weeks which preceded the resignations of 1951, Wilson seemed so compliant, so willing to let Bevan do the talking and make the running, that he earned from Hugh Dalton and others the contemptuous title of 'Nye's Little Dog'. Subsequent events have invalidated the aptness of that taunt, even at that time. It is certain that, as soon as he himself judged that the moment of truth had arrived, when the choice for the dissident ministers lay between resignation and capitulation, his resolution and power of decision lost nothing by comparison with his more glamorous leader.

Many political observers, including most of his ministerial colleagues, 'knowing all about Harold', were quick to attribute to him the basest motives. Those closest to him, however, who knew what really happened in the agonising days which preceded the Bevanite revolt, will acknowledge, des-

pite some preconceived suspicions, that on the facts Wilson's behaviour was both shrewd and brave. If he was indeed putting his personal career before his party loyalty – and that was a charge commonly levelled – then his foresight was no less remarkable than his resolution.

The truth no doubt is that a natural capacity for resolution and decision was helped at that moment by his inbred knowledge of the Labour movement. The ordinary Labour worker would disapprove by instinct both of the retreat from a free health service and of the advance into extravagance on armaments. A young man who was prepared to throw away high office by opposing such actions as these could (it might be argued) reasonably expect to gain more in the long run than he immediately lost; especially so if, while devoting himself to the work of *Tribune* brains trusts or the preparation of Bevanite policy pamphlets, he gradually re-established his lines of communication with the party leadership by solid work on the more orthodox economic and industrial committees. But if this is the real explanation of Wilson's conduct in 1951 and 1952, it remains – at worst – a remarkable *tour de force* of political prognosis.

In any event, Wilson emerged from the Bevanite conflict as a militant who was willing to risk his career for principles, but also as a pragmatist who, once the fire had gone out of Bevanism, could at once, without too obviously crawling, make himself essential to the official leadership. Since then, his sense of the political game has enabled him to consolidate a position of power. In the House he has developed something of Herbert Morrison's old flair for nosing out the issues which will prove most embarrassing to his Conservative opponents and for highlighting them with a newly developed wit, which makes his enemies class – but not dismiss – him as a smart Aleck, and which enthuses and delights his friends. Outside the House, again like Herbert Morrison, he has shrewdly seen the personal importance of close association with, even control of, the Transport House machine. Indeed the machine itself, in its present streamlined form, is largely his creation.

In other ways as well Wilson has become the latter-day Morrison, with Morrison's tactical skill, Morrison's sense of the importance of the machine, and Morrison's delight in matching himself against the leaders of the establishment and beating them on their own terms and on their own ground. But while he shares Morrison's respect for practical competence, he has something of Arthur Greenwood's feel for ideas – with none of the personal weaknesses which eventually submerged Greenwood. He can – and he knows that he can – both devise and execute. He respects anyone who can do either. With a cool appraisal he admires anyone, including first and foremost himself, who can do both.

It is easy to mock that rather too easy admiration. Certainly false modesty is not one of Wilson's more important weaknesses. But the belief in himself which he wears on his sleeve, engagingly enough if a trifle ostentatiously, seems to reflect a far deeper conviction. Years ago the British Labour movement tended to rely for its ideas on the middle class, on the Webbs, the Pethick Lawrences, the Daltons and the Coles: Wilson, along with many others who have worked their way from council school to university fellowship, feels that this patronage is today no longer necessary.

It is true that he himself is by origin nearer to the middle class than to the genuine working class. But the facts of life in the Colne Valley, where children from all classes tend to grow together, and the two long spells of unemployment suffered by his father in the depression have lead him to identify himself with the working class. Does this identification arise genuinely from shared experience, feelings and instincts? Or is it a political calculation? Has he, as well as great ability and personal ambition, what the early Lloyd George seemed to have, a real understanding of the injustices of society and a determination to put them right? Or will he prove to be like the middle and later Lloyd George, who reached the summit of ambition and found that he had climbed beyond his beliefs?

These are the questions one asks of every rising politician but they have more than ordinary importance when asked about Wilson. Today the working class of Britain, confident in its ability to produce its own intellectuals, is beginning to be ready for working-class political leadership; and Wilson, conscious of his capacity to think, to argue, to accomplish, is speeding up his progress towards the top, which his intellectual talents would in any case assure, by an apparent ability to wear the mantle of leadership in the manner which the new generation of Grammar school Socialists finds both seemly and becoming. Thorneycroft, Macmillan and Heathcoat Amory have in turn found Wilson a formidable opponent across the House. He could also be an even more formidable colleague.

The Importance of Guinea

I HAVE lately returned from Upper Guinea, from the upland plains which lie at the back of Sierra Leone and Liberia and make the long eastward-curving interior of this latest of Africa's independent states. Here in these high wide plains beyond the Foutah Toro and Foutah Djallon you are far above the close and clamlike heat of Conakry and the Guinea coast; and here too, whenever your truck draws up for its driver to pray or for reasons less sublime, there is a fine large sense of a country that runs on for ever – it reaches to the desert and the Nile – through rustling quiet and the swirl of dark red dust, where nothing seems to break the silence but for a stray bird plopping notes into a crackle of grasshoppers.

At a place called Beyla, somewhere along this road without an ending, there was a conference on cattle disease. Although the state of Guinea is only four months old, and it's still less than that since French administration was withdrawn, energy and enthusiasm (with both of which this country is well provided just now) have managed to establish an all-African adminstration. Gathered now at Beyla are some 75 adminstrators who have charge of cattle-breeding regions or ancillary services. That makes this conference worth attending even for an outsider. Another interesting aspect is that its chairman is a Frenchman, Jean Mignard, who is Minister of Production: a thoughtful and experienced specialist, as I discover, in tropical agriculture. Then there are the people from round-about who have come in to listen; and the subjects that are raised. These people are herdsmen. They listen in pent-up silence; but now and then they rise in tumult and make an uproar of dissent.

Why dissent? Not because of opposition to the government, to a French chairman, to the ways and manners of this highly democratic regime. The roars of dissent are caused by policy: by one policy above all – the policy that you mustn't burn savannah underbrush, however much you want to, because it's bad for the land. This is what makes those *boubous* jump and sway: their wearers have always burned savannah underbrush (for the convenience, largely, of hunting small game), and now when Guinea's *free* – surely now they're not to be prevented? No, they are not to be prevented because there's no means of preventing them; but they're to be strongly dissuaded.

An eager District Commissioner comes across to me and says in French: 'Excuse me, but I see you've taken a lot of notes. . . '. He wants to tell me that the people aren't against the government; but he need not have worried. The point is obvious enough. I have just been noting: 'The PDG' (the party, led by Sékou Touré, which has carried Guinea to independence) 'has so much credit here that it can go right ahead, within three months of independence, and tackle the toughest problems of all – the changing of old habits, bad old habits: habits which have to be changed before countries like Guinea can really move ahead and modernise.' And this is the proof of the PDG's extraordinary success.

Success: the most surprising thing about Guinea, I should think, is its success. And its success, really, is overwhelming. But like most successes of this kind, it is not the fruit of mere good fortune. It goes back to obscure beginnings some ten years ago when a number of men began building an independence movement which was to become, as it is now, a close-knit party with branches in most villages and in all towns. In this respect the PDG has been like the CPP in the Gold Coast: more than the CPP, perhaps, it has relied on patient building from the base, so that by 1957 it was feasible for the still-dependent government of Sékou Touré to unseat nominated chiefs, by a trick practised on the French, and displace them by elected village councils.

Unseating of chiefs was popular. But the PDG went on to achieve independence, and this was also popular. Even so, it was only a beginning. Having achieved independence, the new government went on again to borrow ready cash from Ghana, to win unanimous recognition at the United Nations (France alone abstaining), and then to renew friendly relations with France. And all this, be it noted, without bloodshed (but for a brief rumpus in the Foutah Djallon), without destruction of property (but for a barracks wrecked by French paratroops before leaving), and without a single anti-European incident. As many as 4,000 out of 6,000 French people are said to have remained in Guinea.

There were, of course, some other reasons for success. Ghana's help was one of them: the offer of £10 millions must finally have convinced even Soustelle that an economic and financial blockade (then being applied from Paris) could only fail. Another reason was Guinea's strong economy: with large exports of iron ore to the United Kingdom and of bauxite to Canada, Guinea was the only French oversea territory with a dollar and a sterling balance. Almost from the first day of independence, because of this, glossy gentlemen began flying in from all over the place with new offers of assistance.

There was as might be expected, a shortage of cash after independence: about a third of the currency circulation went back to France, and local banks stopped all credit. But most people in Guinea, living with an economy of subsistence, never use cash anyway; and the position in the towns is already easier than it was. In January, too, the mammoth bauxite-aluminium consortium, at Fria in Lower Guinea announced that it would

the things they say!

Most of the troubles in industry today arise because, in the big firms, the men at the top know nothing about the chaps at the bottom.

Well, that's not true of my outfit — I.C.I.

Why not? I.C.I. is one of the biggest firms in the country —

Yes, but we've been conscious of this problem for years, and we realise there's no easy solution to it.

One thing that does help is our Works Council Scheme.

This is how it operates. The workers in I.C.I.'s factories elect their representatives — by ballot — to their Works Council, to which members of the management are also appointed. At their monthly meetings the main interest is local domestic problems, including accident prevention and production matters. The Works Councils in their turn send members to Councils representing each manufacturing Division, which meet twice a year.

But how do the workers meet the top men — the Board of Directors?

I'm coming to that. Each Division Council sends representatives to a Central Council that also meets twice a year. There the men from the shop floor put their point of view on all sorts of topics before the Chairman himself and the Directors.

What sort of topics — rates of pay, perhaps?

No, those matters we negotiate with the Trade Unions. These Councils deal with other features of the Company's labour policy.

The interest they showed in the idea of Profit-Sharing, for example, helped to bring our I.C.I. scheme into being. I.C.I.'s 1,300 Works Councillors are an important link between top management and workers, because they do a lot to ensure that the Company's policies are understood by everybody.

ICI

increase its capital investment for the immediate future. The economy of Guinea can thus be seen to have gained from independence.

By January, in short, this new state and government could reasonably claim to have got its feet on firm ground. My personal impression is that Guinea's new administrators have triumphed over their inexperience. There must have been, and I should think there still is, a good deal of quiet confusion, since the whole French 'field administration' of 45 *commandants de cercles* and assistants was withdrawn, by urgent request of the new government of Guinea within two or three weeks of independence; and few trained Africans could be found to replace them. But this handful, and all the rest who were not trained at all, had three advantages over the French who were leaving: they were natives of the country and eager to learn, they stood for an independence that was popular, and they had elected village councils to lean on for support. All this helps to explain why Guinea already looks as if it had governed itself for years.

'I hope you don't think,' remarked a friend in Conakry, 'that we attach any lasting importance to the independence of Guinea *in itself*? What's important here, you'll find, is that we're a centre of attraction, experiment, progress – all that – for the rest of French-speaking Africa which isn't independent yet. We aren't a nation. We don't want to be a nation. We want to be more than that. We want to be a microcosm for the unifying of this part of West Africa tomorrow.'

A Swiss journalist put in: 'A sort of pilot-state?'

'Yes, a sort of pilot-state.'

Meanwhile the pilot-state has to work; and all manner of people have come in from other French-speaking territories to help it to work – Senegalese, Soudanese, Ivory Coasters, Dahomeyans and so on: veterinaries, administrators, writers, intellectuals, schools teachers. And these people are really working hard. I go on, from Beyla, down the evening road to the south. The country changes. Huge forests rise out of the earth. Entering Christian or pagan country at the back of Liberia, the Muslim truck driver stops to pray. Eventually we reach Nzerekoré, capital of the Guerzé, 'people of the forest'. I present my compliments to the *commandant de cercle* at half past eight: he rises from his chair, a sturdy man I have met at Beyla who is half Malinké and half Guerzé, and introduces me to eight men on his staff. He cannot see me now: they are discussing problems of cattle disease. 'Come in the morning, please. We begin at eight o'clock.' I return in the morning. Allowing for Africa, I return at half past eight. But the allowance is misplaced. He is there before me.

BASIL DAVIDSON

The Night the Sea Took Charge

ON the night of Saturday, 31 January 1953, we sat up late, playing Canasta and making desultorily shocked remarks about the noisy wind outside. At midnight we listened to the BBC news: 'There is a warning from the police of the possibility of an exceptionally high tide in the rivers Thames and Medway. . . . It will be cold.' That was all: bleak, but not (to us by the Blackwater) alarming. Yet at about the same moment a cottager by the old church on the sea wall a mile to the east saw the sea mount the wall and said to his mother: 'They walls'll have to let goo.'

Like thousands of others along the Essex coast, we passed that night in ignorance of what was happening, though it was a disturbed night, with the old house creaking and rattling in the gale; and perhaps I rose once and looked out – or is it that I dreamed this or have heard it from others? – and saw, bright in the moonlight, an expanse of white that I took to be an exceptionally sharp frost. (To a farmer at Steeple, a few miles up the Blackwater from us, 'it looked as if a broad white concrete road was running across the fields between Canney and Stansgate.') In the morning a glint among trees sent me up to the small look-out room, or belvedere, at the top of the house: to south and east, for as far as I could see, the green fields had vanished and were an unbroken sheet of water. As someone wrote later, 'the sea had come ashore' – because on the evening of a full-moon spring tide, an unprecedentedly severe northerly gale had forced some 15 billion cubic feet of water from the Atlantic into the North Sea and had driven this surge of water south to swell the tide.

Because the village in which we live stands on a slight rise – on the one-inch Ordnance Survey the 50-foot contour-line runs just to the south-west – we were luckier than many dwellers by the east coast. By 2 a.m. the sea had triumphed. In Essex alone it broke into 12,356 homes: 119 people died, and there was vast destruction of animals and property and flooding of farmland.

Essex, indeed, is only part of the story. Other counties on the east coast suffered, too; in Holland the devastation was more spectacular, the suffering even more grievous. (The Dutch record tells of a ten-year-old girl who 'stood dumbfounded as her father, mother, and eight brothers and sisters drowned in front of her'; and of a husband and wife who clung to the chimney of their house for 24 hours, 'the wife with one arm round the chimney, the other round her husband, while the swirling current of water gradually dashed his foot to pieces against the metal gutter, until there was nothing left but a few smashed ends of bone'.) But of the English counties only Essex, so far as I know, has commissioned and published a comprehensive report* of that grim night and its sequel.

The Essex County Council is fortunate to have, as a senior assistant archivist in its Record Office, one who was exceptionally well qualified to undertake this task: Miss Grieve is a local government officer who understands the structure of the county's services from personal experience, in the emergency of war as well as in peacetime; and she holds the Alexander Medal of the Royal Historical Society. Even so, her account might have been worthy and necessary, but boring: it might have been simply a *précis* of official records, statistics, tidal charts, and meteorological data, and an exposition of a complex administrative machine. It is all this, but it is much more, too: Miss Grieve took infinite pains with her research, walking nearly a thousand miles of sea wall, digesting the personal testimonies of innumerable individuals; and she has two gifts which make her book compulsively readable – she organises her material superbly, and she writes like a new Defoe, in plain accurate prose which breaks only now and then, and most movingly, into a purple like that of the sea-lavender which Baring-Gould noted on the Mersea saltings.

Here, for instance, is her description of industrial Thames-side:

> A fine bloom of cement dust powders roof and branch. A tangle of masts and cranes, derricks and funnels, fringe the docks and wharves on the waterside. The persistent river wind that used to sweep across the lonely desolation of the marshes now bows down in spring the proud heads of the tulips in Jurgens' neat garden beds, bending them symmetrically inland. Squat grey storage tanks, silver in the sunshine, and towering concentrations of tubes and pipelines, writhing and wrestling like giant Laocoöns, in perfect harmony of function and design, dominate the flat landscape.

And here are her summaries of two of many human tragedies and ordeals:

> At Harwich the sea took charge at midnight . . . . A second great wave, about 20 minutes after the first, swept over the sea wall and Stour Road, and stormed into Bathside. . . . At the *Anchor* public house . . . near Gas House Creek, the licensee and his wife had gone down to the cellar to try to take the beer off the taps and remove some of the smaller barrels to safety. They were in the basement kitchen when the water . . . burst in through three doors at once. The licensee's wife managed to reach the door leading to the stairs, but as she turned to see that her husband was following, the rush of water slammed the door behind her and swept her up to the top of the stairs. The licensee was trapped in 15 feet of water below. . . .

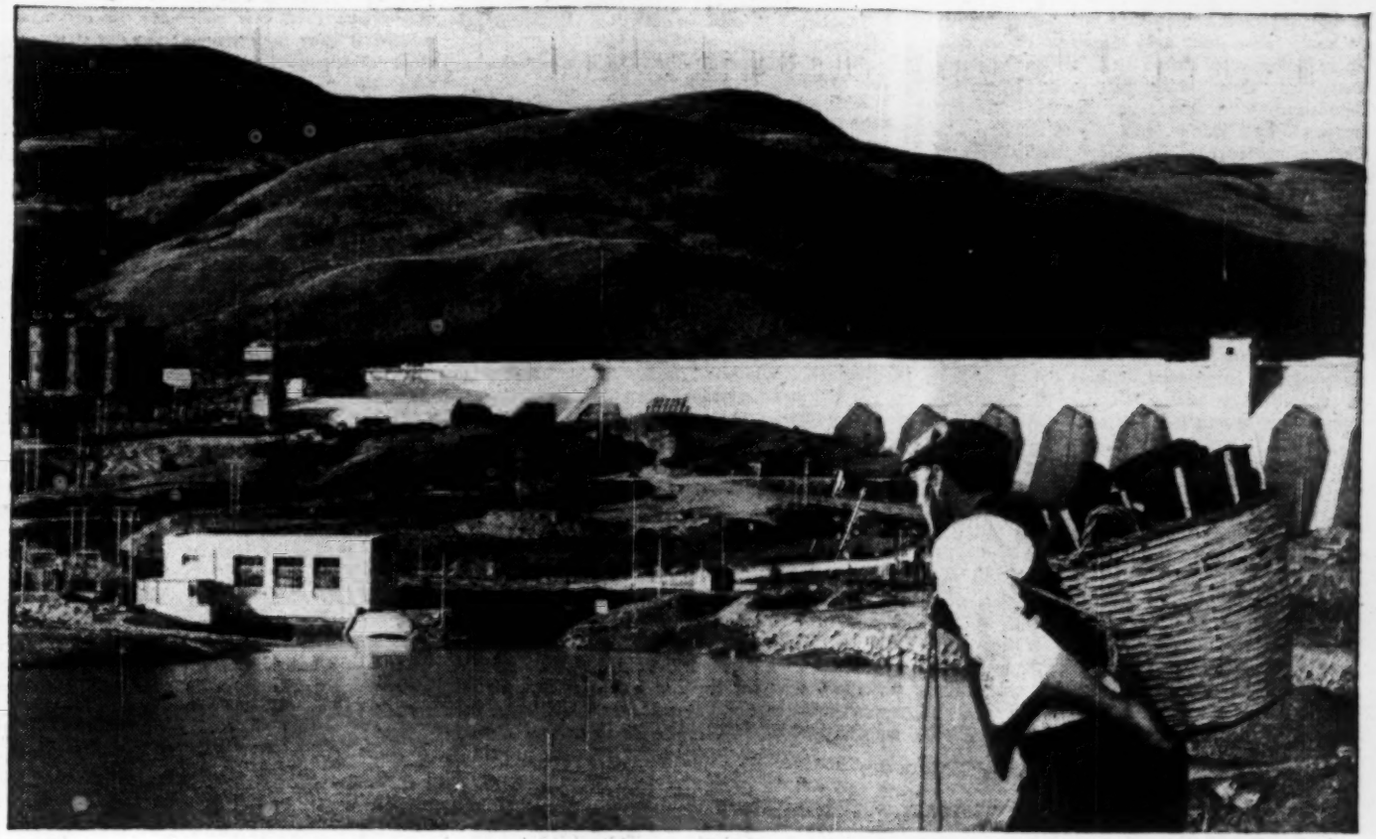
Then there was Canvey Island, where the police-house telephone rang shortly before 2 a.m. and an unknown voice said 'For Christ's sake, get out quick', and was cut off. Here 58 died, most of them elderly, and one survivor found a phrase to sum up the horror of it (*'to lie in sleep and awake to drown'*); and here, in a bungalow:

> A young woman lived with her husband and three children, two girls of 11 and five years old and a baby boy eight months old. . . . The bungalow had an attic with an outside staircase at the back. . . . The mother was awakened by the sound of rushing water and the baby crying. Thinking there must have been a cloudburst, she put on the light, to find the cot floating. Jumping out of bed, her husband managed to shut the front door, which the water had burst open, and held the baby in the passage, while his wife roused the two girls. . . . The husband, who could not swim and could not see well, having lost his spectacles, climbed out on to the windowsill carrying the baby, while his wife put the younger girl on the heavy sewing-machine table, which was the only thing not floating, and the elder girl . . . stood in water up to her shoulders. The mother . . . climbed out of the window to swim to the Central Wall road, about 30 yards away, with the idea of fetching help. The water was so cold and the current so strong that she realised . . . that she could not do it, and swam back to the bungalow. . . . When she reached the bungalow again, she swam round to the staircase leading to the attic, climbed up and, finding some blankets and bedding in the attic, tore them into strips to make a rope. Then . . . she leaned out of the window, about eight feet above . . . her husband, who was sitting on the windowsill below with the baby. She threw some bedspreads down to him, let down the rope, and . . . hauled the baby up. She then let down the rope again, and her husband tied it round the younger girl's armpits, and after some difficulty, as the child was afraid to let go, hauled her up too. The same thing was done with the other girl. . . . Finally the husband managed to stand on the windowsill, grasp his wife's hands, and climb up into the attic.

In many of these case-histories a peculiar feature of Miss Grieve's method emerges. In the 883 pages of her book, while recording with exactness who did what, when, and where, she mentions no names. Officials are called what they are – the River Board engineer, the War Depart-

* *The Great Tide*. by HILDA GRIEVE. *Essex County Council, Chelmsford*. 30s.

THE WORLD IS CRYING OUT FOR MORE **POWER**



The Sron Mor pumped-storage power station of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board contains an English Electric 5000 kW water turbine and induction generator/motor. English Electric have supplied generating plant to twenty-three hydro-electric stations in Scotland.

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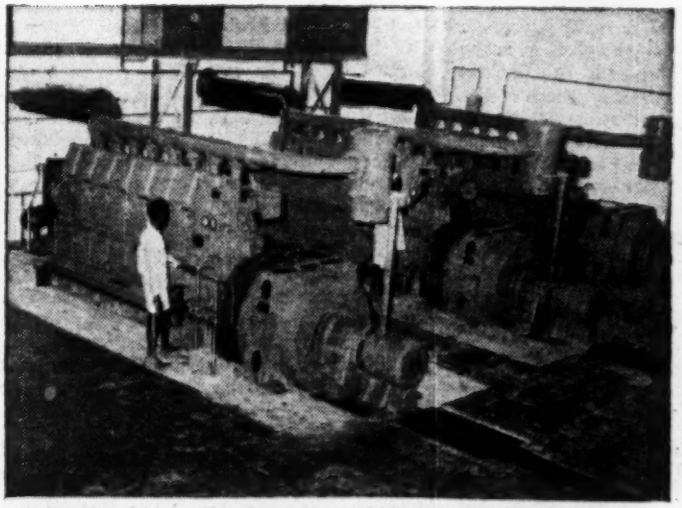

At the White Nile Scheme Board's Cotton Ginning Factory at Gebel Awlia, Sudan, three English Electric 328 kW diesel-alternator sets are installed. This factory was also equipped with English Electric motors, switchgear and fusegear.

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ment constable on patrol on Havengore Island, the WVS sub-centre organiser, the Secretary of the Royal Burnham Yacht Club (who was woken up 'by very cold and muddy water seeping into my bed'). This does not, as might be thought, depersonalise the story: it gives a universal character to those taking part in it. (There is a Chaucerian echo, too: the Harwich Station-master's Wife's Tale is especially articulate.) This effect is appropriate; for, once the calamity is described, the greater part of the story of the flood of 1953 is an account of the mobilisation of social resources, official and voluntary, for the task of driving the sea back to its man-appointed bounds and repairing its ravages.

The word 'community' is often used loosely. Few English towns or villages, in the mid-20th century, deserve the name. But no place in Essex that I know of failed to become, for the few weeks of this emergency, truly a community. In our village they said: 'It's like the war over again.' This was partly because everyone was 'mucking in', partly because, as during the war, the place was swarming with servicemen, rushed here under the Operation named (with unconsciously quaint pessimism?) 'King Canute,' to help stop the gaps breached in the sea wall.

At the Prime Minister's suggestion and with, for once, the approval of the Whips, those of us who were MPs at the time stayed away from Westminster and did what we could to help smooth out the inevitable bureaucratic snags. Occasionally, I think, the episode illustrates the real continuing value of the active back-bench MP: if it had not been for such pressure, for instance, the troops would not have been available for the closing at a crucial moment of a major breach, that at Norpits. More often we were occupied with minor details which were the concern of everybody and of nobody. The scrappy diary-notes that I kept at the time show at least the varied character of the experience – e.g.:

Thursday, 9 a.m. Conference River Board engineer.

Min. of Ag. rang re Memorial Hall, Southminster (difficulty of access).

RAF arriving village hall – persuade R. release cooker, tables, chairs; find plates (King's Head), utensils, mattresses, etc.

Friday. Phone re Customs' 'phone (out of order).

Billeting problems with Fl-Lt. P.

Youth Hostel.

Valor stoves from Maldon Co-op

3 officers, 6 NCOs to be put up by us.

Food for River Board workers on sea wall: can service rations be issued?

More troops needed, to work in shifts.

On Saturday, 7 February, between 7.30 a.m. and noon, I had long telephone talks with four ministries in Whitehall and with the secretariat of the Cabinet Co-ordinating Committee. Sometimes conflicting departmental decisions had to be sorted out; often ministers and other VIPs had to be met and escorted round the sea wall. ('Wipe your muddy feet when you come on to our wall!', said an airman to the Under Secretary of State for Air.) The Guards arrived – Scots Guards (in the evenings the Green Man rang with Scottish songs) and Royal Horse Guards, who worried a bit about their horses at Windsor, but said that it was 'nice to be doing a really useful job for a change'. The Guards officers set up their own little mess in a disused airfield building; after a few days, sent for their wives as if it were an overseas posting; and fussed about hot water for their troops, who all had to be clean and shaved by 7 a.m. But, when they had been there for only one day, I recorded a River Board expert's estimate: 'The Guards have done three days' gap-stopping in one day.' He added that he wished it were a permanent instead of a make-shift arrangement: 'with this manpower – all free – the whole job could have been done in a week.'

On Tuesday, 17 February, I recorded: 'Troops moving out, contractors moving in.' Things were getting back to normal: the main preoccupation was with claims for compensation. Soon, by ingenious equivocation, ministers were beginning to wriggle out of the original assurance that the disaster would be treated as a national responsibility. The ardours and endurances – the tense watch by moonlight as dangerous tides lapped the tops of the newly restored sea wall, the strained, cheerful, mud-black faces of civilians and servicemen desperately sandbagging, the classless *cameraderie* of village people – began to 'fade into the light of common day'; but a certain glow will always remain in the memory of all who shared in the adventure.

There are two great ancient natural terrors, the terror by fire and the terror by flood. Which of the two is the greater can hardly be assessed; but the irresistible rush of a high wall of water can be the more sudden and can stir a sense of absolute helplessness – inherited, perhaps, from our primeval ancestors. The record of the 1953 flood, and the lessons still being learned from it, are not of local interest only: they mark a new advance in man's long struggle to conquer nature and to conquer fear.

TOM DRIBERG

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The Arts and Entertainment

Gospel Song

THE zealots for Gilbert and Sullivan will not, I hope, keep those pleasing musicals legally embalmed much longer, but if one cannot approve of their efforts, one can at least understand them. Nothing, after all, stands between popular art and ruin but the temporary ignorance of Tin Pan Alley. Once the word gets around that some swan lays golden eggs, the end is in sight. Before we can say 'Oh Boy', she will have been turned into a goose (a more democratic type of bird with a wider appeal) and then into a duckling (a younger bird, just right for the teenage market), waddling its way to the top of the hit parade. But who are the bird-watchers who signal the approach of new swans to the scouts of show business? You and I: the incorruptibles, the aficionados, the avant-garde. We do very bright things sometimes: only a genuine enthusiasm for jazz could have provided the brilliant idea of asking Thelonious Monk to do the score for the forthcoming film of *Liaisons Dangereuses*. But at present we are about to present commercialism with another victim, not an unwilling one either: with gospel song or the modern version of the Negro spiritual.

The signs, alas, are unmistakable. Gospel song is emerging from the obscurity of the tabernacles and storefront churches in which it has lived most of its life. (It was hardly recorded, even for the coloured market, before the middle 1940s.) Already the well-informed British jazz fan is expected to have heard of the Sensational Nightingales, the Drinkard Singers and the Five Blind Boys; pretty soon he will have to catch up also with the Caravans, the Original Gospel Harmonettes and the Jewel Gospelaires. Already the Newport Jazz Festival devotes sessions to gospel singers, and recent secular stars show a marked gospel influence. 'He's got a good voice,' said the late Big Bill Broonzy of the remarkable Ray Charles (who may be heard singing, and on delicate piano and dim Parkerish alto on *Ray Charles at Newport*, and as instrumentalist, with Milt Jackson and others, on *Soul Brothers*, both London 12-in. LPs), 'but it's a church voice, he should be singing in church.' Already Miss Mimi Clar has published four instalments of 'The Negro Church: Its Influence on Modern Jazz' in the excellent New York *Jazz Review*. (But how wrong she is to say 'today the idea of the church's continuing to retain a strong influence in modern jazz doesn't occur to many people'!) Already the tame padre of jazz, Fr O'Connor, and two recent Hollywood films have taken to presenting the great Mahalia Jackson: gelatine settings for a diamond. We are clearly on our way down.

Our potential loss is mostly indirect. To tell the truth, the endless rocking repetition of the gospel choir is often made tolerable, for some of us, only by its fervour and massive swing, and a sort of crossword puzzle interest in its remarkable rhythmic complexity. Even the glory of the great women gospel singers, who lift themselves to ecstasy through progressively more incandescent verses, like larks climbing, has lost something of the naked austerity of the old worldly blues. Mahalia Jackson is a great baroque artist, Bessie Smith a great classic one. The main merit of gospel song has been to keep the Negro folk tradition alive in the big city. The classic blues

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MR. POLICYHOLDER

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It's not likely that you took out your life assurance policy with the idea of becoming a big noise. You took it out for down-to-earth reasons; because it's a good way to save, because you believe in looking ahead, because—when all's said and done—the unexpected *can* happen and you wanted to protect your wife and children. It gives you a feeling of independence as well as a feeling of security.

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died in the late Twenties, or was relegated to bar-rooms where only the first-generation corn-fed immigrants from Mississippi listened to it. But the city church, that basic social institution of the urbanised Negro, preserved its spirit, together with the whole stock of musical Africanisms, all the more firmly while it maintained the traditional rigid line between the gospel and worldly music. There is no more conservative institution that 'that old-time religion'. And the children of 'sanctified' parents took the gospel rhythm and the gospel sound with them into such reprobate environments as produced, say, Count Basie and Joe Williams's *Every Day*. Miss Clar is probably right in suggesting that the recent (and welcome) return of avant-garde jazz to emotion and Negro musical tradition, owes much to the influence of gospel music. That influence may now decline.

I do not wish to underestimate the achievements of gospel song, even in its choral form. Nobody can afford to miss the Ward Singers of Philadelphia, whom we fortunately have with us, supported by Humphrey Lyttelton's band: a group of ladies in flowing white robes and dramatic hair-dos, who retain their and our respect even when doing a maypole parade round the microphone, like a flock of large soft birds. (They can be seen on ITV this Sunday.) They have that capacity to open up passion with a single phrase, as with a zip-fastener, that ease in piling up exaltation, that unbreakable and complex rhythmic grip, those notes bending with every twist of emotion, which make one forget even the awful words of modern spirituals. Unfortunately these very qualities are 'commercial'. All that is needed for success is to make the thing rhythmically simpler – look what trouble the teenagers have clapping the offbeats on the Ward Singers' *Down By the Riverside* – and emotionally soppier. It can be done easily. The phoney gospel sound – a sort of celestial rock-and-roll – will drive out the real one, and one of the last reservoirs of living Afro-American music will dry up.

When that stage comes we – the incorruptibles, the aficionados, the avant-garde – will save what we can from the desert. The small new companies specialising in folk-music are doing it now. Collector Records (Jazz Selection, 100, Charing Cross Rd) have just started with EP releases of forgotten male blues singers (Georgia Slim, Tampa Red *et al.*) and with American and local songs, including – doubtless for the US college market – Dominic Behan on 'Finnegan's Wake'; the song, not the book. Topic (17, Bishops Bridge Road), whose work has long deserved public subsidy, have added McColl's and Lloyd's *Bold Sportsmen All* to their indispensable records of industrial and army balladry. ('The Turpin-Sugar Ray Fight', an opus by The Professor, who functions on London's Damon Runyon corner – Frith and Compton – is particularly notable.) They are also planning to bring out that monumental piece of musical archæology, Samuel Charters's *Music of New Orleans*. There is a public for these things. And who knows but what the sharp boys, listening to the haunting blues of *Muddy Waters* (London 12-in.) or the old boogie-woogie pianists of Philips TFR 6018 (10in.), among whom the noble James P. Johnson gambols like a dolphin in a shoal of lesser fish, might not once again get some fast-selling ideas. . . .

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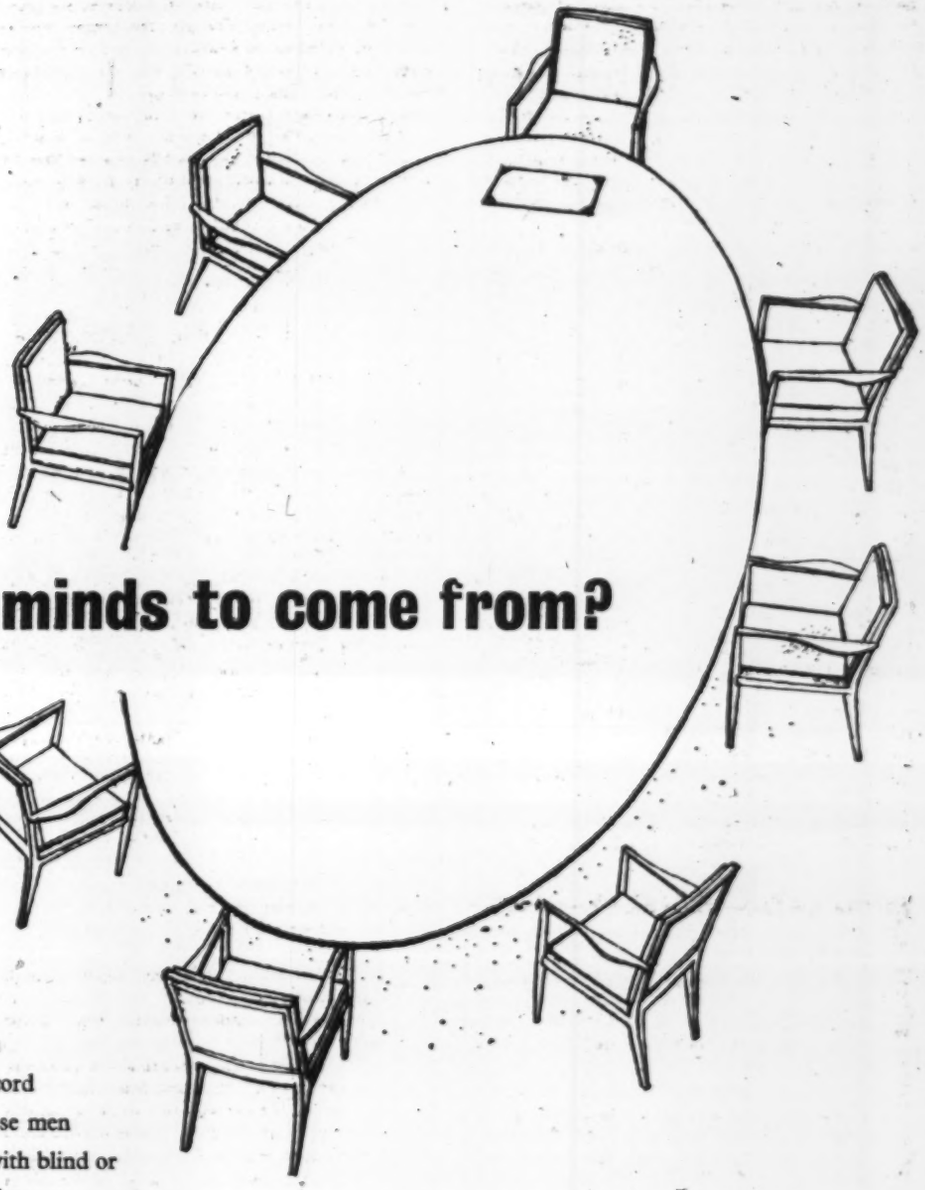
Who Are You?

B: This is a bad time for painting.
2B: What is the use of saying that?
B: It saves disappointment.
2B: Just for you?
B: No. Stating the difficulties makes harsh criticism easier to accept.
2B: You think you know better than most painters?
B: Yes. That is why it is a bad time for painting.
2B: Because they don't all think like you?
B: Of course not. But because today a painter has got to think through all the confusion that surrounds his art before he can begin. And such thinking requires analytical powers that have little to do with making a work of art.
2B: He can look at the masters. Poussin, for instance, whom you wrote about last week.
B: Unfortunately the masters aren't constant guides like the points of a compass. Fashion dictates the direction they appear to point in. And – even worse – arbitrarily accepts or rejects those modern artists who might suggest a solution.
2B: Come. Don't exaggerate. You make fashion sound like a giant conspiracy.
B: Nevertheless, how many students in London since the war have been able to see a proper selection of works by Brancusi, Lipchitz, Zadkine, Gonzales?
2B: All sculptors.
B: And Kokoschka, Beckmann, Villon, Guttuso, Keyt –
2B: You are chasing a hare we haven't seen. What is it?
B: The Francis Gruber exhibition at the Tate.
2B: And what's the matter with him? Maybe he wasn't a great painter but he's had a good deal of influence in France. And considering the fact that he died young –
B: I don't consider it. That is something I would consider if talking to his widow or his friends. What occupies me is that after a whole sequence of large abstract shows we are at last presented with the work of a figurative artist, so that inevitably his example is seen as an alternative – and what a false alternative it turns out to be! Literary illustration. Masks and wardrobe props! A girl takes off her petticoat, then her suspender belt, and finally stands nude in a back garden with blossoms in her hair. The equivalent of Watts – made as up to date as Peter Arno.
2B: Now you have done your best to demolish Gruber for your readers. You leave a lot out of account and you dismiss a man's life's work in less than five lines, but presumably you feel better.
B: How many lines do you think you ought to take to dismiss a life's work? One line for every moment lived would still be inadequate. Critics aren't gods. And even less spokesmen for history. They are partial, obstinate teachers – without textbooks, and so must use anything they set eyes on to push their lesson home.
2B: If that's your justification may I suggest you make your lesson clearer?
B: You want it poker-worked to hang above your mantelpiece? A text to hide the crack in the wall? An oracle to drown the voice of your creditors?
2B: May I remind you that you are employed to write art criticism?
B: I want to teach people to ask: Why is this of use? Why is this useless?
2B: Wouldn't it be better if you just explained art to those who don't understand it? You do that rather well.
B: A money-changer who never changes the economic system.
2B: Or you could launch some young painters.
B: Into what land-locked river? I saw the work of some young painters this week –
2B: Who? And where? At least you can mention their names. Normally it costs two guineas for two lines.
B: Susan Horsfield, Valerie Thornton and Anthony Day at the Walker Galleries. Colin Snowman, John Scott and Barbara Robinson at the New Art Centre.
2B: Are they worth seeing?
B: Yes.
2B: Now you have said something of tangible value. People will walk down Sloane Street and Bond Street as a result. They will look at the works. Somebody may even buy on the strength of your recommendation.
B: And all with one word! You can't even sell detergents as easily as that.
2B: Whose work did you particularly enjoy?
B: Here's the rub. The cut-throat competition inherent in all advertising. Barbara Robinson. (Horsfield, Thornton and Day, be patient. I will try to fix it that your turn comes.)
2B: What are their works like?
B: More like Titians than handkerchiefs.
2B: Cheap.
B: Fairly.
2B: I meant you are being cheap.
B: How do you describe about 200 pictures in a week's words? Figurative. Landscapes. Heads. Churches. Lambs. Day works in the Fen country, and makes me want to go there. Robinson lives in France and paints as she sees. Thornton has been intelligently influenced by Cubism. Snowman is very proficient.
2B: See – you can do it. It's not inspired, but it's



Where are the great minds to come from?

It has been said by various politicians that the iron and steel industry must be state owned 'because public ownership of the industry is vital to the country's economic planning'. You may find this phrase a bit puzzling.

The advocates of state ownership acknowledge the industry's efficiency, its tremendous contribution to our exports and its excellent record of industrial relations. Yet they imply that those men who have built up the industry are running it with blind or shortsighted indifference to their country's welfare.

If the people who conduct and control the steel industry now are not to be trusted, we, and you, are entitled to ask 'where are the great minds who are going to take over?' Where are the overseas orders to come from if British steel becomes impersonal and foreign customers can no longer deal with the companies whose very names have for so long been a guarantee of reliability?

No wonder there is a growing body of opinion that to re-nationalise steel would be a national disaster.

If you agree with this point of view, let others—including your Parliamentary candidates—know what you think. It's not your vote we ask for, it's your *voice*.

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helpful. The last remark may get Snowman a teaching job. Anything more?

B: Yes. And now kindly listen. There are four words there which could mean something. That's all. The rest are chargeable at the advertising rate. *Robinson paints as she sees.* It sounds so simple, but it isn't. It doesn't mean that she paints photographically. It means that when you look at the way she paints, you in fact find yourself studying an approach to reality.

2B: Why make such heavy weather of that?

B: Because today that is a very rare thing to maintain or achieve. Ninety-nine works out of a hundred are mannered. They derive from their own methods of painting, and these methods derive from the works of other painters. They may be skilful, original in detail, sincere, pleasant to look at, but they say nothing, or rather, what they say is only about painting. It is like a spectacle all done by mirrors – with the original scene reflected about two generations away. To master your method requires skill. And nobody today teaches skill. Even more, it requires the will to master it. And today that is rarely encouraged. Action Painting is the worship of method. Gruber's painting, like all literary painting nowadays, represents the abuse of an old method. Gruber copies nature in order to make a counterfeit world in which, because it is counterfeit, he can then slip in his own dreams, artfully dressed up and disguised as nature. To find some meaning in reality and to extract that meaning through painting. How difficult that is!

2B: Hasn't it always been difficult?

B: Not as it is today. Without teaching. Without a public. Without a style. Alone, except for the Big Lie constantly repeated.

2B: The Big Lie?

B: That dreams come true. That Consciousness conditions Being.

2B: I saw these exhibitions, too, you know. And what I'd say about them is this. Robinson is the best because she has decided what to put first – atmospheric colour – and puts it first. Day, I think, should work longer at one picture. His gouaches could be even more direct than they are. But his finished painting might be taken further in one direction – and so unified. I liked his *Landscape After Winter* a lot. I also liked Thornton's Cathedral drawings. They might make a book. Horsfield has one beautiful painting of cows behind a gate. She is an occasional painter – and why not? Scott is better with large forms than spindly ones. Snowman has a yellow painting of a girl doing her hair which is very finely articulated. Lovely controlled movement. They are all young. All worth encouraging.

B: And Gruber?

2B: Gruber painted some bad canvases. But he had a good sense of design. And a good touch. He was, after all, a painter.

B: And you? Who are you to say this?

2B: I am the painter whose problems you could have understood.

B: I do understand.

2B: If you do, it's from a very long way off.

B: And that is inevitable. And that's why it's a bad time for painting.

JOHN BERGER

Entertainment and Trash

WHILE we weigh the possibilities of a renascence in British films, Poland continues to reveal a cinema based on inspiration and method. No one who had seen Wajda's *A Generation* and *Kanal* could doubt the first, a fierce realism reaching into poetry, nonconformist in the midst of conformity. But method? A few weeks ago the National Film Theatre showed two programmes of work from the Polish Film School; here were the 'exercises' of future directors in all stages, variously talented, but all demonstrating the film as an art to be studied and practised like any other. In the West we believe in picking things up, in the young catching at the coat-tails of well-known practitioners. Our method – or lack of it – depends on the quality of those already in the seat, and whether film companies are more concerned to go on in the old ruts. Shall we ever take films seriously, or are our Continental critics right in assuming that British films can never excel because fundamentally the British cinema public is opposed to all art and culture? Personally I believe this underestimates the public's malleability. It could like better films if it got them. Schooling, culture, art don't of course mean that fun and entertainment are ruled out: quite the reverse. The Polish film at the Academy, Tadeusz Chmielewski's *Eve Wants to Sleep*, is about ten times as funny as any other film I have seen this year.

To an imaginary town in the grip of crooks and cops comes a girl student (Barbara Kwiatowska) seeking lodging for the night; among her early adventures is a meeting with a youth who asks her to buy a brick for a pound, meaning to brandish it if she won't. As a matter of fact he has just come from a crooks' class where he has been laughed at for doing it so badly, and soon he has handed over the brick and she has him shuffling apologetically. Then an elderly civil servant comes along, and at the mere sight of the brick in her hand he generously pays up. Then, still with the brick, she is found on a bridge by a policeman, who wants to take her in as a would-be suicide but in the end offers her free lodging at the police station. There, and in a women's hostel beset by lovers, the fun grows faster and furiouser. . . . The mood is early Chaplin or Clair, ruthless as the one, fanciful as the other, and imbued with native satire. How bold this is, coming from a place supposedly under the heel of authority, one can judge by imagining any English film daring to treat the police as they are treated here. It is, in fact, quite unimaginable. They are caricatured mercilessly, turned upside down and inside out. They are very funny indeed. And in the end the unit making the film is blown to blazes by a grenade in a pickle jar. So ends a joy that many will want to sit through again.

This can be very pleasurably accomplished because the second film at the Academy is also, in its way, a first-rate charmer: *Goha*, a French Arab production, shot in Tunisia. At first – after the antics of *Eve Wants to Sleep* – its coloured post-card of the storyteller coming into the café may seem a let-down. But the story turns up trumps; the eye is feasted with dazzling white-wash, pale tints, dancing shadows, black tunnels, moonlit roofs. Exploratory at first of the old life, then touching and tragic, is this Arab legend of the idler with the ass who trots to a mistress in the highest quarter. The charm and lift of legend owe much to its author George Schehade and its director Jacques Baratier and to the performance of a young Egyptian actor, Omar Cherif, in the part of Goha.

All we can add to the world's entertainment, I'm afraid, is a third-rate derivation from a TV serial, *Life in Emergency Ward 10* (Plaza), which misses all the press and finish of the original.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Suburbia Triumphante

IN itself, *Fool's Paradise* (Apollo Theatre) is poor stuff. Not that the situation isn't promising: two scatterbrained widows of the same husband bound together by his will in a houseful of ghastly good furniture which – the will again – they can't sell. The bailiffs rattle at the door, the light and phone are off and on irregularly, they are a year behind on the maid's wages. Their latest windfall, emeralds from their late mother-in-law, are pronounced false. Then into their penury intrudes a dealer, hot for the furniture. To get a hold over them he leaves a large deposit on their emeralds, false or not. And that starts it. There follows a wild debauch of borrowing from Peter to pay Paul: their son's socialite admirer, the lodger, the family servant, a gem-collecting neurotic all pitch in. The house flows with cheques and fivers. The good ladies have to invent a third wife to help them out (Cicely Courtneidge in Carmen Miranda's clothing). In the end the jewels turn out to be real, of course, and the hunt finishes with Miss Courtneidge dangling them above her head like a dead fox while the bidders bay around her.

It is all good clean fun, but it would have been

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a good deal funnier if the dialogue had been a fraction as lively as the plot and actors. Farce is farce, but there is no reason why anything should be as dully written as *Fool's Paradise*. The cast seemed almost shamefaced at the lack of jokes. So they improvised their own with some excellent caricatures: Miss Nora Swinburne, a helpless, hopeless, rather giggly Mary to Miss Courtneidge's Martha; Miss Pamela Strong, a dashing young deb, straight from the more improbable pages of *Vogue*; Miss Eileen Draycott, the maid, nagging and disgusted; Miss Agnes Lauchlan, swathed in silk against radio-active dust (I'm glad to report that not even the school-holiday audience found this one joke of the authors' particularly side-splitting); they all managed to make very creditable mountains out of the mole-hills.

Only Miss Courtneidge, however, seemed completely in her element. For her brand of humour never depends on what she says, only on what she does and how she does it. Here she transforms herself into a kind of suburban fantasy figure. She knocks back the gin, clumps around the stage, breaks the furniture, tears up the bills and damns, resoundingly, the consequences. Like Bud Flanagan, her appeal is in a certain family feeling she exudes. But where Mr Flanagan is everybody's Old Mum, Miss Courtneidge is the eternal jolly aunt, broke, ineffectual, battered, a bit off, yet always game for another fling. She might have come straight out of some pageant as the Spirit of the Suburbs. Quite rightly, the audience applauded her wildly. But I wonder if they weren't in part applauding themselves.

A. ALVAREZ

Bogus Balance

IF one got hold of the transcripts of every one of the 192 editions of *Panorama* broadcast since it began in 1953, and had time to analyse them comparatively, it would be fascinating to trace the up-and-downs, the changes in policy and developments in technique, of this much-criticised but indispensable programme, which is still seen by some eight million viewers each Monday – as many as the total adult population, as the BBC proudly if irrelevantly boasts, of Norway and Sweden combined. (A year ago the figure was 10½ million. The drop is, presumably, due partly to the extension of ITV to new regions, partly to the fact that, at present, the ITV programme coinciding with *Panorama* is *Wagon Train*. At least, however, the viewer has here a clear choice of utterly different sorts of programme: I hope ITV will never be so idiotic and anti-social as to put *This Week* opposite *Panorama*. Nor is *Panorama's* rating, in the face of so popular a Western series as *Wagon Train*, to be despised: it means that about one-third of the viewers are deliberately choosing a serious documentary magazine.)

What I find most puzzling about *Panorama* is its extraordinary unevenness in quality, mainly as between one edition as a whole and another. Sometimes it is just plain dull, sometimes portentous, sometimes skittish in an elephantine way; then it will suddenly pull off a real scoop and present it perfectly. Whatever the reasons for this chanciness, I don't think one can accept the excuse always made for individual performers or writers, that 'everyone has his off days': a programme like *Panorama* must depend largely on team-work, and it ought to be possible to keep it at a fairly consistently high level.

Last Monday's edition was not to be missed, for its main topic was the Central African crisis and there were interviews with, among others, Mr Lennox-Boyd, Sir Roy Welensky and Sir Robert Armitage. Sir Roy said that it would be 'a great mistake to have universal franchise' and that those few Africans who had managed to secure the right to vote were 'good conservative people'. Asked about Lord Malvern's blustering allusions to their army and air force, he confirmed that 'in certain circumstances we'd go it alone'. Mr Lennox-Boyd went so far as to describe Lord Malvern as a responsible person, and turned the interview into a party political broadcast by suddenly delivering a sharp attack on the Labour Government, which had, he said, started all the trouble by refusing to make up the Africans' minds for them in favour of Federation. There were also interviews with white Rhodesians of the scummier, but unfortunately not untypical, sort, including one who produced an interesting new variant of a familiar rhetorical question: 'How would you like your wife to share a lift with the primitive type of African who comes to town?'

Important as it was, this part of the programme went on, perhaps, slightly too long. But the main criticism must be of its content. No doubt the partisan character of this would be defended on the grounds of its news-value – but, after all, the news-value would have been still higher if there had been any real clash of opinion, if Welensky or Lennox-Boyd had been interviewed by someone who could have 'needled' either of them by asking one or two awkward questions. I have nothing personally against Christopher Chataway, who is a competent interviewer with an agreeable manner; but it is known that he is likely to be a Conservative candidate at the coming General Election, and at such a time and for such a programme to select him to feed opportunities for partisan propaganda to a Tory minister is a disgraceful abandonment of any pretence of political impartiality, too obvious to be really cunning.

So, at least, I felt when we were half-way through Monday's *Panorama*. But the programme ended with a gentle, but brilliantly satirical, debunking by Robert Kee of the dominant whites of Bermuda. The governor was innocent enough to allow himself to be caught just after a game of tennis and to be asked what else he did besides going to tennis-parties and bathing. There was a wonderful pause as the genial old buffer thought this one over, saying 'What do I *do*? Er . . . well . . .' Then, luckily, he remembered his chairmanship of the Executive Council.

This, of course, made me feel more kindly disposed to *Panorama*. It was only on reflection that I realised that those who had arranged the programme might have been more cunning and less obvious than they had at first seemed (for I must pay them the compliment of assuming that the effects which they produce are calculated). Human rights are, intrinsically and theoretically, as important in Bermuda as anywhere else; but Bermuda as a topical issue does not compare in urgency and gravity with Central Africa. What may be called the tactic of the phoney balance is a classical insuranee policy: establish your main propaganda in a dominant position, then disarm or confuse your opponents, or the less vigilant critics, by throwing in some expendable secondary point which will in itself please them. Probably, too, this will attract a few angry squawks from the comic friends of the Governor of Bermuda. Then you can fall back on your hackneyed and bogus but impregnable defence: We're shot at equally from Left and from Right, so we must, 'by and large', be keeping a pretty fair balance.

TOM DRIBERG

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Correspondence

SCIENCE AND POPULATION

SIR,—Professor Bernal's letter in your issue of 2 April implies that common sense and Communism can readily solve the problems of population growth, food supply and so on. By way of showing how simple it all is, the professor's 10,000 million inhabitants of the world in AD 2100 'will be able to cope with the problems of urbanisation'. 'Positive steps' are now being taken in the USSR and in China to 'decentralise' and large areas of land 'released' from agriculture and industry will be available for 'the enjoyment of unspoiled nature'.

This sounds as innocent as *A White Christmas* indifferently crooned. But really it is High Activism, in Pasternak's sense of the activist who is always preparing to live and never living.

First, it is not physically possible to rebuild in suitable form even the existing cities and towns and villages of the world within 141 years. I doubt if 5,000 million rooms (two persons per room) can be suitably disposed *on paper* in the time.

Secondly, while control of very large building sites is necessary to achieve sensible planning and satisfactory architecture, e.g., Georgian London, control by itself does not achieve these things, e.g., Moscow.

Thirdly, 'unspoiled nature' is seldom beautiful and rarely enjoyable. The seas and oceans, some rivers, mountains above the tree line, deserts and semi-deserts are about all the unspoiled nature that there is. And who is going to 'release' the agricultural land—the farmers? 'We're going to enjoy some unspoiled nature here', says Mr K. to Farmer Boris, 'so you'll just be a good chap and release your land—or else'. For comparison look at the pleasing sanity of America's Parkways, our National Parks and even our New Towns.

Fourthly, the problems of urbanisation are not 'solved' by decentralising; they are merely removed. Towns start for economic reasons and endure for cultural and other purposes. If Bernal decides to build a town of 50,000 inhabitants in the middle of the Gobi, he should put the buildings close together rather than scattered all over the (beastly) place.

Since the professor is so very wide of the mark on this subject, may he not be equally woolly in other respects? Russian Communism has certainly provided a solution, of sorts, for the relatively easy problems of distribution during nearly 42 years of acute scarcity. This is no proof that it has an answer to the hard problems of distribution of plenty. What if Communist Plenty threatens Communism?—a nice problem for dialecticians, were it allowed to arise.

JAMES CUBITT

42 York Terrace, NW1

SIR,—Surely the only factor that here really matters is the time factor. Suppose we wish some thousands of millions of human beings to become capable of deciding collectively and in full consciousness how many children they intend to produce. How long would the process of propaganda and education have to continue before humanity could reach this supreme stage of self-awareness and mutual trust? No social or economic change, however desirable, will of itself persuade men and women to abandon their ingrained prejudices about their private habits and rights of reproduction.

The power to take a common and universal decision of this kind would be one of the most revolutionary advances humanity has ever made or is ever likely to make. Since we have no idea what time factor will be involved, and since we cannot possibly foresee what attitudes our descendants will adopt, we had better start the process of social education right away. Besides, it seems to me on reflection that we have reached the stage at which we might properly assert the inalienable right of every woman in the world to control her own fecundity if she wishes to do so, and her right therefore both to the knowledge and the means. As a male, I consider the views of a male upon the subject to be of little or no importance.

F. LE GROS CLARK

London, NW2

SIR,—Professor Bernal engagingly puts forward the facile sophistry that with a growing world population more hands will be needed to produce the food for it, hence we should be wary about large-scale extension of birth control. If Professor Bernal had seen the photographs published recently showing huge numbers of Chinese carrying soil in baskets to build a new dam, would he not concede that the need is for capital equipment rather than population? A couple of bulldozers could have done the job incomparably better and might reasonably be supposed to enable humans to be something better than inefficient beasts of burden.

LAWRENCE MURFITT

6 Lydford Road, NW2

IS CHASTITY OUTMODED?

SIR,—May a 21-year-old student give his reaction to the problem of 'outmoded chastity'? For spiritual and psychological reasons which Dr Chesser evidently endorses, my girl-friend and I intend to retain our chastity until marriage. University life is not conducive to this. I for one find 'integrity', as Dr Chesser calls it, increasingly difficult to maintain.

My own experience and that of many friends emphatically denies that (a) a choice free from the pressure of society would increase chastity; and (b) that the 'unconscious fear of frustrating maternal instinct' is an adequate balance. By all means get rid of the guilt and hypocrisy, but if every other social influence is removed Dr Chesser's 'homily' leaves the field uncontested to a converse pressure about which he seems to be unaware—the less easily resisted influence which says 'Go on, you're young, what does it matter when you're in love—or even if you're not in love'.

Dr Chesser thinks that only a minority find it difficult. I question this very strongly indeed. If it is true it can only be because the majority are not subjected to the pressures which exist in university life. I doubt that these are much stronger than elsewhere. Has Dr Chesser any convincing new values to redress the balance which he leaves overweighted with the combined pressures of natural impulses and a provocative social environment?

He leaves me for one in a disturbing physical and emotional turmoil, feeling that it would be so much easier if chastity were outmoded. And this is evidently not the conclusion he intended. Can sexologists have attained so pure a degree of dispassion that they are unable to assess the impact of their articles? But why should he bother? It isn't his problem any longer. He's married.

UNDERGRADUATE

CATHOLICS AND WITCHCRAFT

SIR,—Professor Trevor-Roper in reviewing H. C. Lea on this topic last week does his best to minimise the importance of the German Jesuit, Friedrich von Spee, in reducing the horrors of witch-hunting, but it would be difficult to find a champion of lay reason who did as much. It is not true that von Spee 'had to publish his doubts anonymously in a Protestant city to escape the fury of his colleagues'. His manuscript was printed without his knowledge at Rinteln in 1631. At the time (the height of the Thirty Years War) this town was undergoing a Catholic transformation; the old monastery in which a university had been started some years before was by the Edict of Restitution handed over to the Benedictines in 1630, and a lawyer of the town had just issued a guide to witch-trials, to which the printing of von Spee's work was meant to be a reply. In any case it was immediately reprinted at Cologne and Frankfurt. Some Jesuits were angry with it, but when one of them (a professor of scripture in Cologne) wanted to have it put on the Index, he was told by his Superior to desist. Von Spee as a poet and pamphleteer was able to do far more than his colleagues, Adam Tanner and Paul Laymann, who in their theological treatises had already been working on the same lines as von Spee for some years.

The professor omits a consideration of the greatest importance when he fails to notice how the Roman civil law allowed the torture of prisoners in certain circumstances, whereas (until Thomas Cromwell introduced it in England, and the rackmasters of Elizabeth, Norton and Topcliff, carried on the practice) it was alien to the English common law, the prisoner being reputed innocent until proved guilty. It is Cromwell's breaking of the barriers, plus the inordinate attachment of Protestant divines to the Old Testament, that led to English witch-hunting under the statute of 1563. Witch-burning began in Denmark with Protestantism, whereas in Ireland, as Lecky showed, it was so rare that more burnings took place in England and Scotland in a single year than in the whole of Irish history.

J. H. CREHAN, SJ

114 Mount Street, W1

SIR,—H. C. Lea's book on witchcraft will doubtless find some less credulous commentators than Professor Trevor-Roper, who writes in your issue of 4 April: 'Even today Catholic confessors are recommended to brush up their science by questioning those oracles of the faith, *opiliones et vetules*, shepherds and crones'. I do not recollect receiving this recommendation during the years when I studied moral theology, and I should be interested to know of anyone whose experience differs from mine in this. Is history in or from Oxford to be 'reduced to a mere harmless intellectual rubbish-heap for the antics of' . . . Regius Professors?

DERYCK HANSHELL, SJ

Aldermaston

did you know that the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament which organised the march has 130 Groups in the Greater London Area?

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OPINION AND THE BOMB

SIR,—Just over a year ago the *News Chronicle* published the results of a Gallup poll on the question, 'Would you approve or disapprove if, as a way of persuading other countries to stop making atomic weapons, Britain gave up hers?' Of all voters, 22 per cent. approved and 58 per cent. disapproved; of Labour supporters, 26 per cent. approved and 52 per cent. disapproved.

Last week a similar question was put, but in a much more uncompromising form, 'Would you approve or disapprove if Britain gave up her hydrogen bombs, *even if other countries did not do so?*' (my italics). Of all voters, 30 per cent. approved and 50 per cent. disapproved; among Labour supporters only 40 per cent. approved and 40 per cent. disapproved.

It is sufficiently remarkable that a bare half of the electorate now favours the defence policy of both main parties; and that, over the last year, at least eight people out of every hundred have swung from disapproval to approval of a policy which has been consistently opposed by almost every organ of opinion in the country. Allowing for the difference in emphasis between the two questions, the real swing must be considerably greater.

But even more remarkable is the swing of opinion within the ranks of Labour supporters. A year ago two people supported the official party line for every one who opposed it; today the two factions are equal. And this despite Mr Strachey's pamphlet, a series of special meetings, and a prolonged propaganda campaign designed to 'educate' the party along the lines laid down by the executive. Can anyone doubt that, if loyalty to the leadership were discounted, a considerable majority of the party would now approve Britain's unilateral renunciation of nuclear weapons, particularly if this were made conditional upon a similar renunciation by all the present non-nuclear powers?

TERENCE HEELAS

Coach House Lodge
Lustleigh
Devon

COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOLS

SIR,—The letter from Mr Kelly on Comprehensive schools does well to point out what he terms our 'myopia' with regard to the experience of other countries in this matter. However, he is incorrect in assuming that a 'liberally based' society must allow the purchasing of education to continue. In fact, it is agreed by all that the best possible education of talent is the free right of all—then the *purchase* of education is a denial of this right by some to the children of others, and as such is comparable to the violation of rights committed by a thief when he snatches another person's handbag. The same argument applies to the purchase of medical treatment or hospital accommodation in our society.

It is essential to make clear the distinction between freedom, which implies in social terms the guaranteeing by law of certain rights, and anarchy, which denotes the absence of guarantees for rights. If education is the free right of all, then the retention of the public school system denotes an anarchic, not a 'liberally based' society.

D. S. RIDDELL

9 Park Avenue
Princes Avenue, Hull

SOVIET EDUCATION

SIR,—I must apologise to Mrs Levin for not having consulted her book first; it is a pity that your reviewer's comments on its contents were not rather more relevant. However, I cannot agree with some of the statements Mrs Levin makes in her letter. On the question of pre-revolutionary literacy, I repeat that the 1897 Russian census gives the figure of 27.8 per cent. (men, 38.5 per cent.: women, 17.5 per cent.). The estimate of 40.2 per cent. literacy for 1914 will be found reliable if the article 'Overcoming Illiteracy' by N. S. Timasheff (*Russian Review*, Autumn 1942) is consulted.

The current educational reform certainly cannot be described as 'a modification of the present system' (i.e. presumably the pre-1953 system: there have been continuous changes since that year). The aims content, methods and some of the basic forms are to be changed. The backbone of the pre-1953 system—the secondary school geared almost exclusively to the requirements of higher education—is to disappear; there is already sufficient evidence to show that, because of the change in orientation, academic standards in the secondary schools, especially in the humanities, have declined; and the prospective syllabuses in history and literature are both narrower and of a lower level than the pre-1953 ones. The number of pupils entering the upper forms of full secondary schools has been declining since 1956, and will further decline now that many of these schools are to be transformed either into eight-class or into evening schools.

PATRICIA UTECHIN

14 St. Anne's Road
Oxford

KENYA STORY

SIR,—Some of your readers who read Catherine Hoskyns' 'Kenya Story' may be interested to know what happened to the *Weekly Review* which Miss Hoskyns gave new life to, when she took over the co-editorship. The *Colonial Times* (which, I guess, is the paper's actual name) is now changed into a bilingual newspaper—the first half in English and the other in Gujerati. It has been bought over by a well-known Indian businessman in Kenya mainly, as he will tell you, to keep his son busy. Batuk Gathani, the present editor, is a prosperous, youngish-old man, with gravely liberal ideas and an uncomplicated admiration for Tom Mboya. It carries now, ironically enough, almost 30 per cent. of its international news stories direct from the London *Observer*, so that although 'Sadru' is no longer a journalist he may well derive wry pleasure from looking at the paper.

The *Colonial Times* is still the only non-African newspaper which gives significant prominence and space to African news, and its ownership does not prevent it from being outspoken and critical of some of the orthodoxies of Asian politics in the Colony. In Uganda, where for some time I acted as its Chief Correspondent, it has a large and influential circulation specially in African political circles and in the newspaper offices in Kampala's 'Fleet Street', at Katwe.

RAJAT NEOGY

53 Belsize Park Gardens, NW3

AFRICAN AWAKENING

SIR,—What is the point of churning out all this seditious, subversive and unpatriotic nonsense and bilge about Nyasaland and the Rhodesias? Ostensibly, I suppose, it is a socialistic political scheme to embarrass the home government, and no doubt you imagine that that is quite legitimate on your part. But what is the point of trying to queer the pitch of the rulers in those countries who are not connected with the home government at all? Your agitating contributors don't consider the harm that might be done to the white settlers in those countries who have quite a hard enough time as it is. What do your armchair critics know about conditions on the spot? I don't suppose half of them have ever set foot anywhere in Africa.

I have two sons farming in Mashonaland, and I am concerned for their welfare and my six grandchildren there. One of these sons served several years in Nyasaland under the African (Native) Tobacco Board, encouraging for their own good the Africans to grow tobacco and helping them to market it and sell it. I speak with some knowledge of conditions in these countries. In Mashonaland the 'boys' are contented and happy to be employed by white men. The head African tractor-driver asked my son why we did not shoot such people as Dr Banda and Stonehouse, and was told that we could hardly do that. The boy replied: 'What a pity. When they come

BOOKS FROM CALDER

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'. . . burns the palate with the astringent effect of a glass of kirsch.' *The Times* 15s.

THE GIRL BENEATH THE LION
ANDRÉ PIEYRE DE MANDIARGUES
A superbly realised story of a young girl's first deliberate exploration of sexual love.
'. . . wonderfully well done, an erotic fairy tale, as slight and as sensuous as a single blob of pointilliste colour.' *Sunday Times* 12s 6d.

ALBERT CAMUS: THE INVINCIBLE SUMMER
ALBERT MAQUET
'. . . provides an insight into the character and career of M. Camus that is indispensable to a proper understanding of his work.' *Times Literary Supplement* 22s.

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Brains Trust

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Town Hall 15, 16, 17 & 18 April
10 a.m. to 8 p.m.
EXHIBITION

HEREFORD
Town Hall 16 April 7.30 p.m.
ANTOINETTE PIRIE
COL. GEOFFREY TAYLOR

DAGENHAM
Kingsley Hall, Parsloes Ave. 16 April
MERVYN JONES

BRIGHTON NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT WEEK
Medical Brains Trust
Royal Pavilion 16 April 8.30 p.m.
DR. D. G. ARNOTT
DR. HUGH GORDON
DR. DAVID KERR
DR. NICOLAS MALLESON

Women Against the Bomb
Royal Pavilion 20 April 8 p.m.
ANNE CLARK
JILL CRAIGIE
ANTOINETTE PIRIE

Piano Recital
Royal Pavilion 22 April 8 p.m.
DENIS MATTHEWS

Anti H-bomb Rally
The Dome 23 April 8 p.m.
MICHAEL FOOT
REV. MICHAEL SCOTT
HAROLD STEELE

Exhibition
Royal Pavilion 17—23 April
To be opened by DAME PEGGY ASHCROFT
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Further particulars from Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 143, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

THOMAS MERTON

A Secular Journal

Now, after twenty years, the diary which Thomas Merton kept before he became a Trappist monk has been released for publication. Here is the raw material for *Elected Silence*, which sold 45,000 copies in Great Britain alone. Set against the shifting, hectic background of bohemian New York, the slums of Harlem, and Havana de Cuba, it reveals for the first time the turbulence and vitality that was packed into the formative years of one of the greatest living spiritual writers.

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HOLLIS & CARTER

out of prison they will only begin to stir up trouble afresh!'

What business is it of anybody in England, least of all such a type as the unspeakable J. Callaghan, MP, to interfere in the government of colonies, which are best left to manage their own affairs? This agitation of 'Africa for the Africans' is about as sensible as would be 'North America for the Red Indians', or 'Australia for the Aborigines'.

Owing to the continual interference from England, there is a tendency in Rhodesia to break away from the British Empire and link up instead with the Union of South Africa. Such a frightful disaster might take place, and what would then be the plight of the black men under a government that is committed to Apartheid?

Fortunately not many copies of your repulsive journal are likely to circulate in Central Africa.

H. P. MEAD

6 Liskeard Gardens, SE3

THE RIGHTS OF THE ABORIGINALS

SIR,—Recently a letter appeared in your correspondence columns expressing the conviction that the Native Citizens' Rights Bill in Western Australia was about to become law. Unfortunately this has not happened and it is important that the facts should be known.

During the passage of the bill by the Hawke (Labour) government it was bitterly opposed in the Legislative Assembly by the LCL (Tory) opposition and was subsequently thrown out altogether when it reached the Tory-dominated Legislative Council.

In March the Hawke government was defeated at the general election with the result that the original Australian who works in the community, although compelled to pay taxes like anyone else, will continue to be deprived of the social services enjoyed by his white brother, as well as many of his civil liberties and, except in a few cases, will still be denied the right to describe himself as an Australian citizen.

CHAS. D. EDWARDS

Western Australia

MAYAKOVSKY AND TROTSKY

SIR,—I have only just had an opportunity of reading the article by K. S. Karol on 'The Truth About Mayakovsky' in your issue of 21 February and the subsequent correspondence thereon. As the English translator of Mayakovsky I was naturally very interested in this article. However, I am puzzled by Mr Karol's statement that the new book *Fresh Light On Mayakovsky* included a number of hitherto unpublished documents such as the poet's letters to Trotsky as well as an unpublished poem found in Mayakovsky's note books called 'The Emperor'. This book was sent to me by the Mayakovsky Museum in November 1958 soon after its publication. It is a large volume of 625 pages and I have not read every word of it, as yet, but so far I can discover no letters to Trotsky whatsoever, and in the index of names neither Trotsky nor Bronstein is cited, nor can I find the poem on 'The Emperor'. I should be glad if Mr Karol would explain this, as he wrote the article apparently on reading the book.

HERBERT MARSHALL

Bombay

[K. S. Karol writes: Mr Herbert Marshall did not read carefully either the new book on Mayakovsky, or my article. Otherwise, he would find on page 365 the unpublished poem 'The Emperor', and on page 176 the memorandum by the poet on the subject of futurism, unsigned and without any indication to whom it was addressed. I said in my article that Professor Etiemble was told in Moscow that this memorandum was addressed to Trotsky, but I added that I have no means to check whether these rumours were founded or not. Their very existence in the intellectual circle of Moscow is revealing and very interesting. My article implied quite clearly that the name of Trotsky or Bronstein was not to be found in the index of the book.—ED., *NS.*]

THE TWO WINSTONS

SIR,—May I respectively point out that your reference to 'our' Winston Churchill agreeing to sign his books Winston Spencer-Churchill and his writing to the American novelist to tell him so does not do justice to the actual correspondence between the two men. Many years ago a book of letters between famous people was published, the name of which I have unfortunately forgotten, in which the whole correspondence between the two was published. There were several letters on both sides. The point is that 'our' Winston began by having the effrontery to ask the American to change his name or adopt a a nom-de-plume to avoid any confusion, and this at a time when the novelist was enjoying great fame and our Winston was still comparatively unknown!

However, the American replied politely refusing to do anything of the kind. There then ensued a most amusing correspondence and all rancour was eliminated. All the letters both ways began 'Mr Winston Churchill presents his compliments to Mr Winston Churchill'. Finally the American pointed out that our man's real name was Spencer-Churchill and that he could not see why he did not use it. Our man then agreed to do so. (I am not sure whether, in practice, he has actually done so since.)

H. UNDERDOWN

Carlton Club, SW1

THE UGLY AMERICAN

SIR,—I am afraid your review of *The Ugly American* has got things wrong. The 'ugly American' is not the temporary diplomat who dislikes Asians and only speaks English. It is the other way about: he is an engineer who really is ugly, a homespun character who lives with his wife in a village hut and makes things with his own hands rather than sitting behind a desk in the capital. However improbable this may sound—other 'ugly' Americans suffer weeks of dysentery in order to get used to local food or dash about the jungle shaking hands (not the usual form of greeting), while the UA's wife, in one delightful episode, cures aged villagers of stooping by improvising long-handled brooms—the authors undoubtedly have a real point.

Unfortunately, as your reviewer says, they spoil it by their novelettish style. The story of Major 'Tex' Wolchek (he, rather than Ambassador MacWhite, nearly won the war against the Vietminh), with 'iron from the two wars' in his body, has to be read to be believed. It is also true that the 'bad' Americans are far more convincingly depicted than the 'good', i.e. the 'Uglies'. If this work is, as the authors claim, the 'rendering of fact into fiction', it is only the smooth types who have some relation to fact and the uglies, alas, who seem pure fiction.

J. G.

Bangkok

HENRY GREEN

SIR,—In fairness to Mr Philip Toynbee I should like to be allowed to correct a misleading impression given by our advertisement in your issue of last week.

In referring to *The Novels of Henry Green*, by Edward Stokes, we quoted Mr Toynbee saying: 'I can think of no writer of English prose whose individual tone and vision have impressed themselves more clearly on my mind'. In a preceding sentence which was unfortunately and wrongly omitted by us for reasons of space, Mr Toynbee made it quite clear that he was referring to the writers of a particular period and not to the whole of English literature. He wrote: 'There were those, and I was one of them, who thought that Green's novels were among the most interesting and exciting to appear in the years which surrounded the last war. And when I look back on that period I can think of no writer, etc.'

We regret that by our omission we unnaturally enlarged Mr Toynbee's judgment.

I. M. PARSONS
Chairman

Hogarth Press
40-42 William IV Street, WC2

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Eternal Russian Question

As far as we are concerned, Russia of the nineteenth century was created by its great novelists. They are figures of genius. They appeared prophetically in a century of extraordinary awakening and ferment and they have passed, not to be replaced. Their achievement has its defect: for beyond what we find in their novels and biographies, we have little outside evidence of the kind of society they came from. There are one or two formal histories, but I can think of few descriptive, generalising, interpretative or even factual works – Professor F. Venturi's very recent *Il Populismo Russo* is one – which help us to know Russia as we know, say, France, Germany, England, Spain or any other country of the West. When we come across references to minor figures in works of criticism, the men of talent who establish the climate indispensable to an active culture, we are soon lost in confusing and poisoned controversy. The vituperations of our own Grub Street in the eighteenth century – words like 'lice' and 'vomit' – come at once even to people like Tolstoy or Turgenev. There are the unending exhortation and rancour, all the sneers and false valuations of a *littérature engagée*. One has the impression that Russia is all talk and that nothing occurs except a war of refutations; yet changes *did* happen. Serfdom went, land was going to the peasants, industrialism was being established, little wars of conquest and colonisation were taking place, and a class of middling people who were not bureaucrats, and who stood between the landowner and the peasant, was rising. The fate of Russia was not a matter of rhetoric only; it was being broken up into innumerable concrete Russian 'problems'. We are so ill-informed about them; they are so often out of our Western context; above all we are so inured now to the single-voiced Soviet Sphinx – that we are startled when we see how much variety of work and belief was absorbed into the creation of it.

In the Russian novelists we had, of course, the pleasure of the eternal 'Russian question' and not the pain. A valuable book by Mr Richard Hare, *Pioneers of Russian Thought*, took us into that; now he has written a sequel*. Rapidly and succinctly it expounds the views not only of important figures like Bakunin, Turgenev, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy and Kropotkin, but also of serious minor figures: A. V. Nikitenko, a plebeian conservative of the Reform period, certain *narodniks*, three religious intellectuals, and three statesmen, one of them the remarkable Vitte. It is a relief after all the ideologising to encounter this railway-clerk who became the financial controller of Russia, the brilliant administrator who saved the throne of the Emperor in 1905, who was betrayed time and time again and who died without filling his private pocket. If it is true that Russian despotism never produced a statesman of European eminence, Vitte had what appears to have been the rarest Russian gift: capacity. He worked like a demon. In the ghastly Tsarist mess, the sight is spell-binding.

One or two of Mr Hare's portraits are summary samples but all bear out a theme which persists in contemporary history:

> One urgent question haunted the minds of nineteenth-century Russians, whether they were writers, civil servants, revolutionaries or statesmen. Must their country continue to follow the beaten track hitherto laid down by the West? Was it right that her self-identification with the unfolding of the West should be so wholehearted and far-reaching, or ought it to grow more cautious and selective? Did 'progress' demand an inevitable Russian movement towards Western constitutional monarchy, republicanism or parliamentary government, comfort and ease of living, plus a Western mode of industrialising her vast untapped resources?

The romantic eighteenth-century reverence for Europe had dwindled. The Russians were shocked by the way the industrial revolution and the nation-states were going in Europe. We had sold our souls for cash; we were preparing to sell mind and body – everything. If we except Turgenev, all the rather haphazardly chosen men in this book take the familiar conflicts of the nineteenth century to a wearying extremity. They do so because they are conscious of a larger opportunity than Western Europe offers. They hanker after Europe, as America did; but they are restlessly aware that the future they are really arguing about is eastward. When they travelled, their great novelists – as Mr Hare reminds us – did not care to look at Western Europe closely for long, partly because of a sense of resentful inferiority, partly because Europeans did not feel the same spacious, apocalyptic sense of moral burden. The Russians were really at home only where space was physically and spiritually far larger. They did not search, as the Americans did, for a personality, but for an overwhelming purpose and justification. What would justify them most – again Turgenev is the exception – was the doom of Europe. They saw it everywhere. The thought frightened them. After two instalments of doom, the European reader of the present day cannot help feeling that they exaggerated or, at any rate, misread the time-scale.

Like the travelling Americans, the travelling Russians were blind to the counter-currents in Europe. They were incurable ideologists. They carried their drastic wilderness about with them – Dostoevsky, above all, and even Tolstoy. There is a general misunderstanding of England – in a fit of temper, Tolstoy once thought he would find the good life among the English aristocracy! – no understanding of the powerful social forces heaving up from below and winning battle after battle as the century went on. Born under despotism, these Russians see everything leading to despotism. Dostoevsky even reaches for it in what he admires: the Slav mission to the world. When we look sympathetically at the Russian doubts, we see that the Russians feared the West had lost its humanity; and here, Mr Hare reminds us that, after the Decembrist catastrophe, Russians of the new generation had turned away from France and towards Germany. When they said 'Europe', it was Germany they really meant. It was from Germany they learned their philosophy, obtained their technical help, and obtained their closest knowledge of the West. When these Russians speak of the peril of efficient science and when, later on, after the Franco-German war, they speak of Europe corruptly destroying itself, it is from neurotic Germany, the admired and self-destructive, that they get their material. It was from authoritarian Germany that, in the end, they were to learn their communism. Even Turgenev preferred Germany to France for long periods of his life. Dostoevsky, who hardly opened his eyes when he left Russia, did open them for a short time in Baden. When he came out of the casino one night, ruined and hysterical, it was the sudden sight of a German church that dramatically clinched his cure from gambling. One does not see that happening to him in, say, the seductive, non-punitive climate of Monte Carlo.

Seen in the light of their polemics, how do Dostoevsky, Turgenev and Tolstoy now stand? More solidly, of course. Mr Hare has seen a great deal of the material available in the Soviet Union, which has not yet been assimilated into foreign studies. Turgenev and Tolstoy have not been a serious difficulty for Soviet critics. The reputation of Dostoevsky is still low, although he begins to be regarded as a useful text for training a carefully selected minority in the psychology of the enemies of communism. Freely read – it is thought – he would drive people to madness. For ourselves, having got over the phase in which Dostoevsky was a mystical correlative to psycho-analytical theory, we now think of him as the one writer who in his novels has penetrated the pathology of revolution. Again and again, men and events have borne him out, granting that – even as we believe him – we mistrust him. The sick have no sense of proportion. His polemical writings – *A Writer's Notebook* – are pretentious, wild and spiritually disgusting. They justify everything Turgenev ever said of him. Turgenev – in Mr Hare's study – emerges with dignity enhanced.

The two essays on Tolstoy are the most interesting in the book, for they bring out what Mr Hare has been looking for in each one of his subjects – not the rights and wrongs of violent controversy, but the deposit of permanent contribution to Russian thought. What is it in them that survives their own time? Three aspects of Tolstoy interest him above all – his revision of the idea of history in *War and Peace*; the frequent assertion – apparently contradicting his work as a prophet and teacher – that what he really thinks and is, is in his creative work; and our 'misunderstanding' of *What is Art?* Prompted by Mr Hare, I looked at this infuriating, sweeping and dictatorial piece of puritanism again. It does not differ from other 'deep' Russian works, in its delight in razing a culture to the ground; in assuming that the only acceptable gift of mankind is ethical, and that we have no right to live except in drastic spiritual con-

* *Portraits of Russian Personalities between Reform and Revolution.* By RICHARD HARE. *Oxford.* 42*s.*

flict, outside of time and outside of society. Possibly the catastrophic sense of having no society of their own gave the nineteenth-century Russians their obsession with the corruption of other societies – and also their always perceptible idealisation of anarchy. But (if I read Mr Hare's opinion correctly) what Tolstoy saw in the apathy and 'erotomania' of continental literature – Maupassant, Baudelaire, Verlaine, Zola – was the beginning of the debasing of art, a preparation for the ruling of the masses by the commercial media. This is a point of great force. Like so many of the Russians, Tolstoy had a real sense of crisis. Our doubts return when he goes on to say that popular art – every man an artist – never had and never would manifest itself in corrupt and shallow forms. If Tolstoy was arguing, because of his own violent sexual conflicts, that popular art would never be erotic, he is historically wrong; his ethical arguments, indeed, have by an irony been instructive to state propagandists. A debased Tolstoyism in writing, simple in psychology, black and white in portraiture, and with no more than a journalistic quickness of eye, has been the bane of a great deal of Soviet writing. But Mr Hare's hint is important and brings us back to the point of his very instructive book: that we shall misunderstand the Russians of the nineteenth century if we do not firmly see them on their own soil, uncertain whether they are Western or Eastern; and in the chaos of feeling that they are back at the creation of the world with only six days to do it in.

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The silent sing, the lonely ones are coupled,
The cripple dances, the doctor waives his fees,
Music dissolves the riddle of the rose,

The beasts are mute, the graves are sealed.
And now
Darkness descends, what's past and what's to come
In one another's arms sleep out the night.

See, the night crumbles, the acute sun arising
Restores a world, picks out a landscape, flushes
A line of hills, glitters on ice, discloses

A face of cardboard and a heart of brick.

J. M. CAMERON

Imperial Twilight

Britain and the Arabs. By GLUBB PASHA. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 30*s.*

Not in the Limelight. By SIR RONALD WINGATE. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

The Seat of Pilate. By JOHN MARLOWE. *Cresset.* 30*s.*

The British have never been able to make up their minds about their empire. Is it a good or a bad thing? A source of pride, or an expensive luxury – and just a teeny bit of a bore? Empire Day, unlike the Fifth of November, has never been a popular success: the British prefer to celebrate plots, rather than acquisitions. For a short time – between 1880 and 1900 – the imperial idea seems to have captured the public imagination; but even in this period the electorate twice gave a majority to the Liberals, who were committed to giving Ireland Home Rule; while the decline of Joe Chamberlain's mass-following developed, *pari passu*, with his attachment to imperialism. The imperialists never commanded a majority in the Cabinet: a Chamberlain was always checked by a Salisbury, a Rosebery by a Harcourt. While some politicians schemed to acquire territory, others were always anxious to dispose of it. The empire continued to grow, but its expansion was based on an *arrière-pensée*, an understanding that our occupation would be temporary. Even in the noon-tide, this ambivalence asserted itself: Gladstone firmly stated – and there is some indication that he actually believed it – that we would stay in Egypt only a short time to clear up the mess; and subsequent governments, though delaying our departure indefinitely, turned down repeated requests to annex Egypt outright.

Nowhere is this principle better illustrated than in the Middle East. Technically, the Empire reached its apogee just after 1918, when we not only acquired a major share of the German colonies, but cannibalised the Turkish empire. But, characteristically, we insisted on holding these territories under League of Nations Mandate, on the understanding that we would train their peoples for self-government. This, of course, was largely hypocrisy – but not entirely so. As Mr Marlowe, in his very thorough, and on the whole objective, account of the Palestine mandate explains, our decision to retain Palestine after the war was taken because the Turkish descent on Sinai had revealed the vulnerability of the Suez Canal unless British forces held the territory to the north. Yet endless – if unsuccessful – efforts were made to create a self-governing community. Similarly in Iraq, where Sir Ronald Wingate – who has written an unpretentious but entertaining account of his varied career as an imperial administrator – served as a political officer in 1918, our object was to secure imperial communications with the East and to safeguard our growing oil properties; but at the same time, the Government was genuinely anxious to give the Iraqis self-rule, if this were physically possible, and even at one time contemplated holding a sort of plebiscite.

A mixture of good intentions and self-interest is always political poison – as the Labour leadership is beginning to find out over the H-bomb. The theme of General Glubb's long, interesting but often muddled account of British rule in the Middle East is that our policy in the area, far from being Machiavellian, as the Arabs supposed, has always been uncertain and often contradictory. Indeed, it was precisely because of British ambiguity that our actions, good or bad, were always interpreted by the Arabs as part of a deep-laid plot. Being politically inexperienced, they found it inconceivable that Whitehall could be so stupid, and therefore assumed that some complex treachery was being planned, their inability to pin it down merely increasing their suspicions. Even today, millions of Arabs are firmly convinced that in Iraq Britain and Russia are working hand-in-glove to subvert the Pan-arabist cause.

Palestine and India illustrate the same theme in greater detail. Mr Marlowe traces the tragic process by which, in attempting to combine an equitable settlement of the Arab-Israeli problem with the desire to retain British bases, we ended by alienating both Arab and Jew, earning the contempt of the civilised world – and losing the bases. In *Not in the Limelight*, Sir Ronald Wingate follows a similar path of folly in pre-war India. On the one hand, we were permitting the progressive growth of central self-government; on the other, we were giving local autonomy to the princes, on the bland assumption that, when independence finally came, the latter would constitute a permanently conservative element in the government, and so keep India 'loyal'. As Sir Ronald points out, this policy not only failed, but led to the horrors of 1947 and the festering sore of Kashmir.

The final self-deception of the imperial twilight was the myth of 'imperial communications' – the concept that some territories had to be retained merely because they were vital to the retention of others. This theory, elaborated after 1918 – it plays a significant role in these three books – supplied the last galvanic twitches of the dying imperial beast, because it allowed us to suspend the principle, to which we were unequivocally committed, that the object of the empire was to train its territories for self-government. Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Suez, Aden, the Gulf, Trincomalee, Singapore, Hong-Kong – the great chain of bases stretched out across the oceans, each link bearing the strain of the whole. Perhaps the theory made sense so long as Britain ruled India and a commercial empire in China. But as with all political concepts based on sentiment, it

attained its most elaborate expression only after its original objects had ceased to matter. The Tories' obsession with 'bases' culminated in the 1950s, when the chain no longer led anywhere. So the last act of the pantomime began, with Britain playing a despairing game of musical chairs. Turfed out of Palestine, we declared Suez vital; after Suez, Cyprus; after Cyprus, Middle East HQ is to be straddled awkwardly between Aden and Mombasa, with no security in either. Habbanyai in Iraq is no good any more, so the air bases have to go to the Maldives; but there, before even the concrete of the runways is dry, the natives are in revolt. The empire seems destined to spend its last days like a Negro immigrant searching for accommodation in colour-conscious Kensington. The world has put out a sign: 'No Imperialists Here'.

PAUL JOHNSON

The Poet as Windbag

The Poet as Superman: A Life of Gabriele D'Annunzio. By ANTHONY RHODES. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 25*s.*

Most of the Italians I know are sensitive, realistic, masculine, kindly, modest, unchauvinistic, and good husbands and fathers. I say this because D'Annunzio is in some danger of being mistaken for 'a typical Latin' – coarse-grained, bombastic, perfumed, selfish, vain, hysterically nationalistic, and a compulsive, deceitful rake. He had poetic eloquence of a sort, and produced some memorable verse almost as a by-product of his more typical outpourings. He had some physical courage; but he was such a grandiose liar that it's hard to be certain of his exploits. An assiduous scribbler and Don Juan, in Roman society he pulled himself up by his G-string; he wrote 'daring' novels and plays about his conquests, including Eleanora Duse; he helped to drag Italy into World War I; he staged the march on Fiume which crystallised the hopes of contemporary and later Irredentists; and he originated many of the trappings of Fascism, contributing in some measure to the cruel balderdash it imposed on Italy for more than 20 years. Mr Walter Starkie described him as 'a dwarf of a man, goggle-eyed and thick-lipped – truly sinister in his grotesqueness like a tragic gargoyle'. All the more tragic for Italy that her history must needs have place for this ranting, ruttish little runt.

Mr Anthony Rhodes, novelist and Italophile, has applied himself with diligence to the unpleasant task of chronicling D'Annunzio's doings; and his book gives a fairly faithful likeness of its subject, treating him with rare charity and some understanding. Skip the garbled Preface, with its superficial essay on Dante and Machiavelli; forgive the occasional errors and the inadequate treatment of D'Annunzio's verse. What's left is an extraordinary case-history, scarcely marred by Mr Rhodes's acceptance of some of the patient's fantasies – such as his romantic account of why he became bald. It concludes, rather rapidly, with D'Annunzio growing ever more eccentric in the encrusted mausoleum of his 'national' home on Lake Garda. Here Mr Rhodes leaves him, without fully answering the one essential question: how much did he really contribute to Fascism and hence to the rise of the Nazis? 'John the Baptist of Fascism', one historian's tag, is probably too sweeping a conclusion; but it would have been interesting to trace in more detail how far D'Annunzio's blend of inferiority complex and *folie de grandeur* is typical of Fascist thinking.

RICHARD MAYNE

Summer 1940

The March of Conquest. By TELFORD TAYLOR. *Hulton.* 42*s.*

The Nine Days of Dunkirk. By DAVID DIVINE. *Faber.* 21*s.*

Struggle for the Sea. By GRAND ADMIRAL RAEDER. *Kimber.* 25*s.*

An American, an Englishman and a German ask the same question: Why did the Germans fail to win the war in the summer of 1940? The answer is now fixed in history: because among all Hitler's brilliant tacticians, there was no great strategist. They did not know what to do about an enemy who broke the German rules of war. France behaved according to the textbooks: she surrendered when her army was defeated in the field. But Britain treated Dunkirk like a flesh-wound from a dagger, while the Germans optimistically regarded it as a lethal thrust from a sword. In the year that followed they failed to improvise a strategy which could destroy us. Shrugging their shoulders at the Channel, they then made exactly the same mistake against Russia. They never admitted to themselves that the Stuka-Panzer combination, which had been so brilliantly successful on the continent, was not a strategic, inter-continental weapon. Its effectiveness was limited by the sea and the steppes, and the Wehrmacht failed to provide an answer to either. The Luftwaffe and Navy were too weak to extend the reach of the Army.

At first sight, from its length and bulky appendices, Mr Taylor's book appears to be of first-rate importance. Its accuracy and clear style sustain that impression. But it adds little to what we know from Derry's and Ellis's official histories of the 1940 campaigns in Norway and France; and it is based mainly on German sources. 'Only rarely,' says Mr Taylor incomprehensibly, 'is it possible to verify or supplement them from the other side of the hill,' an approach which leads him, for instance, to devote no more than two lines in 450 pages to the well-documented counter-attack by de Gaulle's 4th Armoured Division at Laon on May 19th, and to make no mention at all of the same Division's threat to Abbeville a week later. Either operation, if properly supported, could have turned the Germans back from the coast, and Taylor leaves unexamined the immensely important question *why* they were not properly supported. He would have been obliged to reconsider the mistakes, political and military, of the French High Command. But why not? Nor does he round off his criticisms of Germany's strategic aims and weapons by discussing fully the reasons why *Sealion* (the invasion of Britain) was abandoned, a question which is of far more relevance to his central theme than the Scandinavian campaign to which he devotes unnecessary space. Why, if so brilliant a combined operation could be mounted against the long exposed coast of Norway, could it not have been repeated against a weakened Britain?

On land, Mr Taylor is more at home than on the sea and in the air. The phases of the drive to the Channel ports are set out with unimpeachable precision. At one point only does he seem to flounder, but it is the most important point of all, for on it depends the legend propagated by Rundstedt at Nuremberg that Hitler issued the famous 'stop-order' to the armoured divisions on 24 May. Mr Taylor is anxious to share the responsibility between Hitler and Rundstedt himself. The documents do not bear this out. The order was undoubtedly issued by Rundstedt alone

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Foreword by the Rt. Hon. Sir Winston Churchill, K.G.

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without consulting Hitler, who merely confirmed it eighteen hours later. The Fourth Army's and Jodl's war diaries make this quite clear, and the documents are fully quoted by Ellis, whose account Taylor describes as 'absurd'. It is not absurd. Hitler accepted Rundstedt's judgment. While it is quite true that even Guderian found eventually that the Dunkirk perimeter, with its canals and floods, was too strong for his panzer troops, there was no need on 24 May for him to attack it frontally. There was firm, almost undefended, ground ahead of him at St Omer, and a massed attack at that time and place would have sheared through Gort's southern flank. Why was it not carried out? It was then that the real miracle of Dunkirk occurred, a miracle of German failure.

David Divine takes up the story at that point. In describing the ground operations he follows Ellis closely, and repeats a great deal of his own previous book, published in 1944, on the detailed naval story of the Dunkirk evacuation. Whole pages are reprinted almost verbatim from it. His heroes are Gort and Admiral Ramsay. Gort he defends strongly against General Sir Alan Brooke's supposed allegations of incompetence, but only at the cost of belittling Brooke's own achievements. He accuses Brooke of 'arrogance and lack of appreciation' and of 'acid and petty remarks'. But nobody who rereads Brooke's (*alias* Arthur Bryant's) own account could possibly reproach him with disloyalty. Gort is there described as 'this brave, simple and honourable man who decided to stake everything, including his own honour, on keeping the road open to Dunkirk', and if the word 'simple' is a reproach, it is belied by Brooke's own tribute to Gort for switching the 5th and 50th Divisions in defiance of his orders from London and Paris. It undoubtedly saved the BEF.

Mr Divine's greatest contribution to history is his insistence that Dunkirk was not a splendid example of British improvisation, a triumph of the amateur over slow professionalism. The evacuation was carefully organised by the Admiralty, and the 'little boats' were with some exceptions (one of which was manned by Divine himself) not so very little, and sailed under exact orders issued by Ramsay's staff. But how they lifted a third of a million men from a shattered mole and a few miles of beach, with some forty triumphant German divisions within shelling-range for ten days, remains one of the great mysteries of the war, even after Mr Divine's careful analysis. He is probably right to attribute the British success mainly to the German failure, in which all three branches of the Wehrmacht have their share of blame. Goering concentrated the Luftwaffe against our troops instead of against our shipping; Hitler and the Generals (including Rommel, who saw nothing fatally wrong in allowing the BEF to escape) were excited by the prospect of renewing the armoured chase across central France; while the German Navy did not intervene at all.

In Raeder's book, the name of Dunkirk does not once occur, although it was at that moment that a truly grand Admiral would have risked the loss of his entire fleet. Instead, the chapter which fills the gap between Norway and *Sealion* is entitled 'The Torpedo Crisis'. He was already thinking of the U-boat campaign, which was the right strategic answer to Britain's refusal to surrender, if only Hitler had had the sense to foresee it before the war and apply it with sufficient vigour. Raeder's account, which stretches from 1928, when he assumed command of the Fleet, to his release from Spandau in 1955, is a simple sailor's tale. He neither whines nor boasts. He was carrying out orders, but his instrument was too weak. That sums up his character and his book. He would be an honoured figure in German naval history if he had had Ramsay's gumption, and if Germany had won the war. They are big ifs.

NIGEL NICOLSON

MIND

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A Look into Darkness

Mythologies. By W. B. YEATS. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

This is a collection, without introduction, commentary, or notes, of a number of familiar prose works – *The Celtic Twilight, The Secret Rose, Stories of Red Hanrahan, Rosa Alchemica, The Tables of the Law, The Adoration of the Magi,* and *Per Amica Silentia Lunae.* The dates cover the period from 1893 to 1917. Messrs Macmillan's statement that 'the book will be essential to all readers of Yeats' is abundantly justified; the search for these scattered and sometimes rare works has been tedious and irritating. And we are now able to read, as it were in series, many matters of interest: the developing quality of Yeats's prose, the nature of his supernatural beliefs, the roots of his sense of place and of many of the images in the poems.

These roots are, perhaps, least obvious in *The Celtic Twilight,* which is simple and direct in style, having almost the character of a notebook. It wears, I think, less well than the later work, though many things are memorable: as of 'A Visionary' whose 'whole heart was set upon making his character vigorous and calm'; of the ghost who (as in the Noh plays) does penance on earth for a past sin; of the ghost of the wicked sea-captain who 'stayed inside the plaster of a cottage wall, in the shape of a snipe, making the most horrible noises'. (Did Roy Campbell remember this when he wrote

> The dead, like weary snipe rising on high,
> Whined through the pallor of the sky?)

We have the first mention of the Horsemen who ride between Knocknarea and Ben Bulben (and now pass the grave); some macabre but authentic humour, as when the mourners get into the hearse with the coffin on 'a wet and nasty day', and drink whisky there, but the spring breaks before they come to the cemetery. And perhaps we have here the last word on the eternally-debated problem of Yeats's belief in the supernatural:

> I often entangle myself in arguments more complicated than even those paths of Inchy as to what is the true nature of apparitions. But at other times I say as Socrates said when they told him a learned opinion about a nymph of the Ilyssus, 'The common opinion is enough for me'; and believe that all nature is full of invisible people, and that some of these are ugly or grotesque, some wicked or foolish, many beautiful beyond anyone we have ever seen, and that the beautiful are not far away when we are walking in pleasant and quiet places.

(But later there was 'safety in derision'.)

There are many sentences that bear upon the poems: as

> Did not the wise Porphyry think that all souls come to be born because of water, and that 'even the generation of images in the mind is from water?'

or

> 'A peasant of the neighbourhood once saw the (faery) treasure. He found the shin-bone of a hare lying on the grass. He took it up; there was a hole in it; he looked through the hole, and saw the gold heaped up under the ground.

(But should it not have been a collar-bone?)

By contrast with the notebook character of *The Celtic Twilight,* the stories of *The Secret Rose* and of *Red Hanrahan* seem to have more unity, more of the aimlessness of the true fairy-tale. There is, perhaps, too much of the shadow of AE, and some of the prose reads like bad James Stephens. But here again there are traces of the poems: 'And with those thoughts came on him a great anger against old age and all it brought with it' (see ' A Woman Old and Young'); or, more generally, how Yeats was . . . 'delighted with all that displayed great problems, through sensuous images and exciting phrases'.

Rosa Alchemica wears the least well of all these books. Perhaps it is because the prose is more heavy, more mannered than the rest, the hands of Rossetti, Pater, Oscar Wilde's *Salome* lying heavy upon it; perhaps because much of the alchemical background is – in spite of Jung – a little faded: perhaps because the beliefs of AE in the Elder Gods tremble between belief and fantasy. Yet the work is of interest: for the desire of the Nineties for 'the birth of that elaborate spiritual beauty which could alone uplift souls weighted with so many dreams' – or for the masterful dramatized images of the poems:

> There is Lear, his head still wet from the thunder-storm, and he laughs because you thought yourself an existence who are but a shadow, and him a shadow who is an eternal god.

But it is, in the last section, *Per Amica Silentia Lunæ,* and its sub-section *Anima Mundi,* that the greatest interest now lies; for here is a sort of prologue to *A Vision,* and many hints as to the meditations, and the sources, on which that curious fabric hangs. Here we can note the debts to Stanislas de Gaeta, Henry More, Plotinus, Landor, Shelley; and to Plutarch from whom he took the theory of the Daimon, 'leading his victim to whatever among works not impossible is the most difficult'. In these books we can see Yeats reaching upwards from ghost to vision, from

alchemy to neo-Platonism: fascinated by multiplicity, by that which made the hair of his flesh stand up: yet deriving always, from the haunted threshold, some certitude of the numinous. For 'We look into the darkness, and there is always something there.'

T. R. HENN

Working-Class World

All in a Lifetime. By WALTER ALLEN. *Joseph.* 15*s.*

Mr Allen's new novel is, first, an unusually well-observed, skilfully composed and narrated chronicle of working-class life during the last seventy years. Like Conrad's Marlowe, the narrator Ashted is something of a sounding-board or fixed-point for men built larger than himself. A Midlands craftsman who lacks the ability to rise, he has nevertheless a quiet intelligence and charity which attract the confidences of more powerful men (notably of his lifelong friend, George Thompson, who becomes a major Labour politician). So Ashted is both a part of neighbourhood working-class life and on the fringes of great public events. He is thus able to illustrate much in the nonconformist, radical, working-class tradition during a period of exceptional social change. Here, Mr Allen writes with knowledge and insight. He knows, to take only one of many instances, how deep-seated and how idiosyncratic is the sense that one *belongs* to the working-class. He is able to make Ashted himself embody some of the best bedrock qualities to be found among many working-class people, especially the decently unambitious, the patient and pragmatic. At the end of the record, as Ashted says, there are no generalisations to be made: one goes on going on, not drearily but hopefully, actively and tolerantly, and with a sort of homely gallantry.

But the greater interest of *All in a Lifetime* lies in qualities less evident than these. Time – or more accurately the niggling persistent theft which we call the process of ageing – is the real theme of the book. Ashted may represent much in British working-class experience over a long span of years. Mr Allen sees him also as an individual old man, living in a lost widower's world, preoccupied with the riddling frustrations of old age, by turns defiant, patient, angry, detached, petulant, grateful for small attentions or querulously ready to shuffle off almost all emotional involvements, pathetic, comically independent, afraid, enduring. This theme, continuously woven across the social chronicle, gives the book a solid double texture.

I have stressed these virtues so as to make plain that this book stands well above the body of new novels. It has also a more particular claim to attention. The shape and feel of British life are changing rapidly now. The glossy, gregarious, late twentieth-century image of ourselves which we more and more observe on the small screen and the tabloid page will be most fruitfully judged not by large denunciations but by a more intimate – that is, a more creative – understanding of our own characters and possibilities. In this book Mr Allen goes some way towards increasing such a creative understanding.

Yet – so as to maintain a larger perspective – I would add that this novel does not for me altogether match the possibilities of its theme. It is not the working-class novel we may hope to have one day. It does not create character-in-society; it is, rather, an intelligent, sensitive, reflective chronicling from outside. The double texture I have already described saves it from certain common weaknesses of the social novel. Yet even the moving theme of Time seems like a series of reflections put into the mouth of, not arising from the character of, one old man. We miss the exact kind of particularity which the really considerable social novels have. Thus, there is almost no sense of the physical presence of the characters. Surely, for instance, Ashted's memory of George the politician would be a rich compound of the man's manner of speech, his ideas, his tricks of gesture, his sheer physical 'feel'; and this is hardly suggested.

A more important question arises about the style of Ashted's narrative. Here, Mr Allen has enough skill and tact to keep within the probable vocabulary and range of reference of just such a man. And the *tone* is in one respect a fine achievement; it has a plain, unsophisticated lucidity, as if it were the distilled essence of the decent working-class outlook. Yet to create such a style is in itself a highly sophisticated abstraction from a messier but more vivid reality. Its effect is to idealise certain important qualities of a type of person, not to suggest an individual man – in a certain time and place – remembering a particular and unique life. Such a man's way of expressing himself would certainly not show a wide vocabulary or range of reference; nor would it be so pure, so limpid, so much an embodiment of some impressive qualities of his kind. It would nevertheless be dense, concrete, varied and so would convey a more complicated and knobbly sense of *being* than we find here. But it is a measure of the solid craftsman's achievement of *All in a Lifetime* that we can discuss it on these terms; not by worrying over the more obvious and all too common pitfalls of the social and realist novel, but by raising some of that novel's hardest imaginative problems.

RICHARD HOGGART

Other New Novels

The Bright Young Things. By AMANDA VAIL. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Thread of Scarlet. By BRUCE MARSHALL. *Collins.* 15*s.*

A Way Back. By JAMES MITCHELL. *Peter Davies.* 15*s.*

The Other Side of the Coin. By PIERRE BOULLE. *Secker & Warburg.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

'There is nothing quite like sex', says Emily, the narrator of *The Bright Young Things*, but of course she is looking for much more than that. She is in her first semester at Northcliffe (substitute Wellesley or Vassar) and life is burgeoning for her. It isn't long, however, before she discovers the canker in the bud, in the person of William, a young smoothie from Madison Avenue who stands her up. Her best friend Amy is luckier, or is she? She ends by marrying the instructor in Creative Writing, a facetious fool. Emily is blasted at first by the betrayal ('I had the feeling that life, if not over, at least contained nothing now but the repetition of the known'), but she pulls herself together, and on the last page she is off to Europe to continue the quest.

Amanda Vail has written a charming book, and the only silly thing about it is the game that is played about the author's identity. The publishers tell us with a smirk that she is really Mr Warren Miller, who wrote that excellent novel *The Way We Live Now*. One examines the coyly inscribed photograph of Amanda on the jacket with a more careful interest: that mane of hair, those well-set shoulders, whose are they? Who

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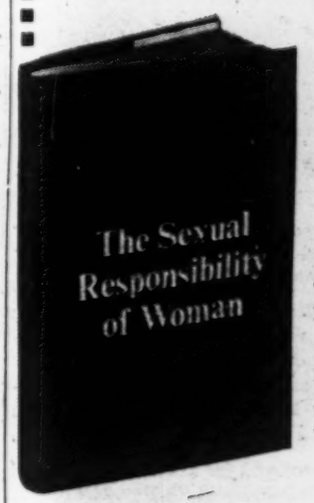

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thought up all this nonsense? It will lose the book half the readers it deserves. There is no such mistake of taste in the novel itself. Of course it would be a miracle for a man to write quite faultlessly of the feelings of a young girl, and perhaps Mr Miller's voice is too often heard in the thoughts of his heroine; but on the whole he succeeds amazingly. He knows his Emily inside out, and we can all recognise her: hesitant, fiercely honest, brash, considerate, terrified of being bored, full of pretensions, obsessed with growing up, yet filled with an aching awareness that she will never be so happy again.

> It's the years after twenty, those are the ones when happiness really counts; and I don't think my generation is going to have very much of it. We know so much and have so little.

The note of elegy does not become wearisome, because the book is also very funny.

> Daisy's desk was always littered with books on Zen Buddhism. Whenever we asked her a question about anything, she would laugh. That's what Zen masters do when they are questioned. She would throw up her arms and say, 'To ask a question like that is to make me laugh'. There is no getting past a thing like that. . . .
>
> 'I wonder what people talked about before Freud?' Amy said.
>
> 'There must have been a few things', I said, 'pre-Freudian things like the Luddite movement, the battle of Cowpens, the Renaissance'.
>
> 'Do you think', she asked, 'do you think the people who lived during the Renaissance knew they were living during the Renaissance? Or did they find out later? It must have come as quite a jolt to them, don't you think? Or maybe they just took it in their stride and said, *Well, well*'.
>
> 'I think they just took it in their stride. After all, they weren't Renaissance men for nothing'.

Unlike most novels, *The Bright Young Things* gets better and better as it goes on: not so Mr Bruce Marshall's latest, which is a disappointment. Indeed it is less a novel than a tract: the thread of scarlet of the title is the Catholic Church and the narrative pretends to describe the career of a young Scottish priest who rises to become a cardinal. The other characters are nearly all priests. The action of the book, such as it is, consists of them haranguing one another on the subject of the world, the flesh and the devil. The occasions for these discussions are painfully contrived: train journeys, meals, walks. Astonishingly for Mr Marshall, there is no attempt to build up characters, and often you cannot tell who is talking, even if it is the hero. What is being argued about is often very interesting, but I do not believe that Catholic priests talk about their faith so unceasingly, or so aggressively, even in Scotland.

A Way Back is a thriller with some overtones. It begins badly, with some absurd *Boy's Own Paper* stuff ('. . . if you're nasty we shall tell all, and you'll jolly well be extradited. . . .'); then, when one is about to give up, the writing takes on pace and point. The story concerns an English engineer with a history of political adventuring in South America: after doing some dirty work there for the Communists, he had revolted, and returned to hide in his native Tyneside, doing manual work in one of the big foundries. His old friends catch up on him, however, and the chase is on. The narrative is exciting but over-coloured. Mr Mitchell is too much impressed by international evil. He forgets that nothing happens in the world that is not a reflection of our own natures. His chief character is a spy, a traitor, and an assassin; and so might any one of us be; we are all ordinary enough. Much of the action of *A Way Back* takes place on Tyneside, which Mr Mitchell evidently knows well, and these parts are the most successful. One would exchange all the melodramatics for the brilliant, short scene in which the foundry-men revenge themselves on a bullying chargehand.

M. Pierre Boulle is famous as the author of the book and the film of *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. Indeed the jacket of *his* new novel is decorated with a picture of Sir Alec Guinness dressed up as Colonel Nicholson. Such is fame. *The Other Side of the Coin* is set on a rubber estate in Malaya during the recent so-called Emergency. In this kind of novel the exotic background is the thing, unless the author is Conrad or Mr Graham Greene: in this case it is meagrely evoked. The manager of the estate, a sanguine Frenchman, is married to an American lady of high principles. 'We must win the Asiatic heart with love', she says, rattling the old tambourine. The Chinese guerillas raid the estate. One of the girl guerillas is wounded and has to be left behind. She gets the love treatment (pretty dresses and tennis lessons) and succumbs. The writing is drab and the psychology cynical. If ever there was a novel of convenience, this is it. The cameras are turning already.

PETER DUVAL SMITH

James Coleman's *Nigeria: Background to Nationalism* (University of California Press), reviewed by Thomas Hodgkin in our last issue, will be published here by the Cambridge University Press in a few weeks time.

The Oxford University Press are publishing as World's Classics on 16 April three translations: Gerard Hopkins's of *Madame Bovary*, Frank Davison's of *Le Grand Meaulnes*, with introduction by Alan Pryce-Jones (7s. each), and Jessie Coulson's of Turgenev's *A Nest of Gentlefolk* and other stories (8s. 6d.).

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The Sacrifice of Children

The Everlasting Childhood: The Predicament of the Backward Boy. By R. P. MENDAY and JOHN WILES. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

The Shook-Up Generation. By HARRISON E. SALISBURY. *Joseph.* 18*s.*

Suppose the cure *were* discovered, and juvenile delinquency stopped. It is a subversive thought. Only the best-adjusted members of the adult world could stand up to the loss of so vast a source of pleasure; the rest would probably lapse into crime. For where else could be found such an ample stage for so much vicarious acting-out? What would happen to the drama and the novel? What would women Conservatives do with their aggressive instincts? These are serious questions, but almost certainly hypothetical. A few years ago an American psycho-analyst formulated the interesting theory, based on clinical material, that society needs young criminals for its healthy functioning and resourcefully ensures that they are always in stock. A similar need lay behind the ritual sacrifice of children. The ancient practice has merely been civilised. This explains why the breeding-grounds of crime have survived the constant depredations of all those good but misguided people who cannot leave well alone. There is a saving will at work. If you are at all sceptical, reassure yourself by reading the two books under review.

The first part of *The Everlasting Childhood* contains an assortment of interesting facts about the plight of backward children in this country. These boys and girls, many of whom suffer from some kind of deprivation, can be counted in hundreds of thousands, and in large industrial cities they are said to constitute 12 per cent. of the total school population. Although local authorities are required to provide special facilities for their care and tuition, this statutory duty is neglected in many areas. Four per cent. of all the children who leave school each year – that is, 26,000 – are illiterate or semi-literate. These figures can make an impression by themselves; but to appreciate them to the full you must know that according to Sir Cyril Burt three-quarters of our young delinquents and five-sixths of our habitual criminals are educationally sub-normal.

Mr Wiles is an expert on youth clubs and has written a novel and a play about emotionally disturbed boys. (His may be the pen responsible for some incontinent rhetoric.) Mr Menday is Warden of Turners Court (also known as Wallingford Farm Training School); and the two authors devote the second part of their book to a description of this remarkable community. Turners Court is a vocational training centre for 170 backward boys between the ages of 15 and 17; nearly all of them are deprived, a few have been before the Courts, the rest are potentially delinquent; and in the course of their stay of about 18 months an attempt is made to equip them for a self-respecting role in the world outside. It is a tremendous undertaking, and you will not be surprised to learn that many obstructions are put in its way. The book ends with some strong criticisms of the present system of child-care.

During his distinguished career as a journalist, Mr Salisbury, an American, has made a study of delinquency in the several large cities of his own country and of Europe, Moscow among them, to which he has been assigned. The general conclusion of his wise and vivid book on the subject, *The Shook-Up Generation*, is that nothing engenders delinquency so fruitfully as movements

and disturbances of populations, whatever may be their cause, whether a war or a rehousing programme; and nothing cultivates it more rapidly than indifference to the social health of the people who have been uprooted. Delinquents in Russia come from the same kind of drifting, insecure families that beget them in England and America; their minds are kept infantile, pre-genital and semi-literate by the same deprivations. From San Francisco to the Urals the young scapegoats are mass-produced to a standard pattern. Local variations are of little significance. The delinquent gangs of New York, whose rites and customs Mr Salisbury has studied with Mead-like thoroughness, may be more violent (and inventive) than the gangs of South London; but the primitive, boring, sterile, paranoiac world they both inhabit is identical.

A chapter in Mr Salisbury's book entitled 'The New Ghettoes' illustrates perfectly the operation of that saving will which was mentioned above. Reading it, you will be left in no doubt that the world is safe for delinquency for generations to come. The gratifying sacrifices will continue. Those women Conservatives will never have to stoop to take the chains from their bicycles.

MICHAEL RAMSBOTHAM

God and Conic Sections

Blaise Pascal: The Life and Work of a Realist. By ERNEST MORTIMER. *Methuen.* 21*s.*

Why a new book about Pascal? Mr Mortimer has no new evidence to offer about Pascal's life. His discussions refer us very largely to secondary sources. And while his declared purpose is in part to convince us that Pascal was a great philosopher, what he presents as Pascal's theory of knowledge is not particularly impressive.

> Perception of a whole fact involves more than the analysing mind; it involves the personality. We are *en rapport* with our world, in some sense akin to it, and so our knowledge has something of the character of immediate recognition.

Such a conclusion is brusque and unilluminating. But Mr Mortimer's avowed intention is really quite irrelevant to what he has achieved. He apologises in his preface for retelling the story of Pascal's life at length. He has no need to do so. For although he has no new facts and no new philosophical insights, he has, and conveys, a quite splendid imaginative grasp of Pascal as a man. Anyone who wants to understand what Pascal was really like would do well to read this book.

To do so is to be puzzled. Mr Mortimer's Pascal has all the enigmatic qualities of the man himself. There is on the one hand the constant mathematician. At the age of sixteen he produces his theorem on conic sections. At the age of thirty-one he meets a request by his gambling friend, the Chevalier de Méré, for the answer to a problem that has arisen in the course of laying bets, with a solution which helps to provide a foundation for the theory of chances. But it is not only the mathematics of wagering that interests him. Whether we should or should not believe in God is also for Pascal a matter for wagering.

Around mathematics and Christianity Pascal weaves his life. The man is a unity; and yet he seems to relate his two supreme interests only in the most casual ways. What appears in both activities is the same thoroughness, the same depth of seriousness. When Pascal discusses the relation between faith and reason we are made to feel that he is genuinely devoted to both. Not many writers on religion make us feel this. Not many writers on anything possess his extraordinary clarity of intellect:

> For mathematical thinking the principles are palpable but removed from common use; you have to wrench aside your mind to attend to them, but having done so you see your way ahead; you would need to have a very muddled mind to argue inaccurately from such plain principles.

Lucidity has its penalties. In the controversies over Jansenism Pascal is able to score easy points against his Jesuit opponents. But he is also able to avoid the kind of real involvement in the issue which might have led him to argue them through for their own sake. He remains essentially outside parties, a man for whom all labels are inadequate. That Mr Mortimer's book helps us to see this clearly is its great merit.

ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

Murder as Usual

The Widow's Cruise. By NICHOLAS BLAKE. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Death of a Spinster. By FRANCES DUNCOMBE. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Licenced for Murder. By JOHN RHODE. *Bles.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Night of Reckoning. By JOHN STEPHEN STRANGE. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Chinese Gold Murders. By ROBERT VAN GULIK. *Joseph.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Oldest Confession. By RICHARD CONDON. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

The Shadow of Murder. By CHARITY BLACKSTOCK. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 15*s.*

Greek cruise-ships with the heterogeneous company aboard make an admirable setting for crime, as Freeman Wills Crofts was the first to realise. In *The Widow's Cruise* no body is actually pushed out of a porthole, as on that previous occasion, but the ship returns to the Piraeus with three names crossed off the passenger list, after what the publisher modestly calls 'a bizarre investigation' by Nigel Strangeways. At first all goes swimmingly. Nicholas Blake pokes splendid disdainful fun at the lecturers, Greeks, blackmailers, neurotics, cads and *hoi polloi* he has assembled as suspects beforehand. The omens are as favourable as any reader could wish, until the plot develops tiny sinister cracks. Can the author *really* . . .? He can! And does! The proposition we are eventually expected to swallow makes utter nonsense of all our pleasant anticipations. 'Bizarre' is a misnomer: the solution perpetrated is an outrageous feat of prestidigitation.

With Miss Duncombe we are in safer, if less exhilarating, hands; she sets out to detect by the hardly bizarre but far more arduous methods of sociology. When the *Death of a Spinster* in a locked antique shop is written off as suicide by the police, the heroine plumps for murder, and decides to solve the case single-handed by taking a close look at the social background of every likely member of the community. After thoroughly investigating their past and present status, she boils down to five – just four too many! Very sensibly she then nearly gets murdered herself to solve her problem. Miss Duncombe, although sentimental about children and animals, has a sharp eye for character and writes with such enthusiasm and determination that her first dip into detection should be read. But sociology is far too long-winded and imprecise a process to be recommended in future.

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body turns up in the fireplace of the village inn, and nobody for miles around is missing, as happens in *Licenced for Murder*, what can the local police do but send for the Yard; and the ponderous team of Waghorn, Hanslet and Dr Priestley churns into action – and churns, after prolonged whirring, to a standstill. Not enough data to catch a sprat! Another death is required; so Mr Rhode kindly, but rather gratuitously, obliges. Even then the criminal has to summon up a confession before the case is clear. In tackling Mr Rhode one requires stamina. A minimum of action and a maximum of droning confabulation set one nodding. But the plot, if one can keep awake and follow the trend of events, is solid mahogany, without a flaw, such as only our old stagers nowadays seem able to turn out.

Night of Reckoning was the night the dam bust in New England after hurricane Diane, and the night the truth came out in the Burlingham case after a man had served eight years in goal for murder. The authoress with her long experience in novel-writing works up considerable suspense before this final dramatic concentration of events. Eight years earlier the Burlingham nanny had fallen dead through a sky-light and her employer had been convicted of her murder. Of course he must be innocent; but why should any one have wanted nanny out of the way? After a flash-back to the past the heroine, who had witnessed nanny's death when a little girl, gradually recognises the real villain. The procedure is not authentic detection: the truth dawns of its own accord. Will it dawn on the reader before the dam busts? Not if John Stephen Strange can help it.

In *The Chinese Gold Murders* Judge Dee (who has already shown his mettle in *The Chinese Bell Murders*) solves more dastardly T'ang dynasty crimes. Once again the Judge strangely anticipates the methods of Sherlock Holmes. The slipping of poison into a locked room surreptitiously did not require a Speckled Band in AD 700. In a postscript Mr Van Gulik declares that his book is based on genuine antique Chinese sources. (One could only wish that his style did not wobble uncertainly between the centuries.) The illustrations, for which he is also personally responsible, purport in some degree to be erotic, but are more likely to make one cry. However, there is no lack of action; duels, tigers, highwaymen, rape, prostitutes and even a Wolfenden man with were-wolf tendencies, suggest that life in T'ang times was very much the same as it is today.

Mr Condon's first novel gives a lovingly embroidered account of some extraordinary characters embarked on an elaborate scheme of crime, which proceeds to go wildly astray. The scene is Spain; and the local colour is laid on with the relentless trowel which any familiarity with that country always seems to demand. An American crook and his girl plan to substitute copies for genuine Velasquez, Grecos and Goyas in a big way. He starts to work in the palace of a Spanish grandee: he ends by finding himself having to tackle the Prado. To reveal the intervening events which inveigle the crook into this predicament would be unfair to the author, but the reader can be assured that they are utterly preposterous. *The Oldest Confession* is a well-thought-out, melodramatic absurdity, most engagingly written and perfectly readable.

The Shadow of Murder hangs over Glencoe, where the massacre took place in 1692 and thoughts of murder may still hover in the air, especially in winter when it looks as if it is going to snow. This is a broody suspense novel with enigmatical undertones such as many readers abhor – and who shall blame them? Miss Blackstock holes up a modern murderer in the glen, for whom the police and the reader are supposed to be looking, then sends in a potential murderer to join him, and finally turns on the snow. But what is that untidy red-haired girlie doing in the ghostly gloom? Miss Blackstock writes far too well to be ignored – or to be forgiven. How can she hope to create a particle of suspense, when she allows her happy ending in glorious Technicolor to peep over the snowdrifts?

RALPH PARTRIDGE

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MACDONALD

Week-end Competition

No. 1,520 **Set by Barrow Boy**

Since Gay wrote his 'Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London' the perils of the traveller have increased. The usual prizes are offered for a verse (limit 16 lines) – not necessarily in Gay's metre – on the art of walking or driving in London today. Entries by 21 April.

Result of No. 1,517 **Set by Walter Allen**

A plaque has been unveiled at the Davidson Secondary School, Croydon, commemorating the fact that 'David Herbert Lawrence, novelist and poet, was a master of this school, 1908-11'. The usual prizes are offered for the best comment, as from Lawrence himself, in the manner of *Pansies*.

Report

And how *would* Lawrence have reacted to the news? T. R. Johnson had no doubts at all – and very well caught one of the notes in *Pansies:*

> Well, damn my little eyes, it's me!
> David Herbert Lawrence there, by God,
> Set out most grand and cakeily
> For kids to gawp at in the quad.

His verses ended. 'I'd like to blow the bloody thing to bits.' It was the simple irony of the situation that struck Barbara Roe's Lawrence:

> When I was young I tried my best
> to avoid respectability,
> taking pains to establish a name
> for loose morals and incivility. . . .

The same metre, which Lawrence used so successfully in his fleering, jeering *Pansies*, was followed by H. A. C. Evans:

> In Croydon, that bourgeois town,
> Where I taught for a paltry fee
> At the school in Davidson Road,
> They've unveiled a plaque to me.
>
> All kinds of respectable folk
> And liter'y gents were there;
> They said nice things about me,
> And the plaque was unveiled by the Mayor. . . .

But Lawrence, even in *Pansies*, had other modes, other voices. P. W. R. Foot hit one of them off excellently in his first two lines:

> How pathetic the pedagogue is
> especially the pale of the species. . . .

as did Martin Hollis, with:

> A man should never teach a subject
> but children. . . .

Neither, however, managed to sustain the Lawrentian promise. I liked Nancy Gunter's:

> By all means put up a plaque
> And let it brazenly proclaim
> That I, David Herbert Lawrence,
> Was a Master of this School
> 1908-1911
> Come along and unveil the beastly thing
> You fat-bottomed snug-bellied
> Striped-trousered, idiot-hatted
> Pseudo intellectuals. . .

But the entries I judged the best were those that expressed other sides of Lawrence besides the nagging and the derisive; and I recommend that the prize-money should be divided equally between those printed.

THE LEARNERS

> I sat here talking in all earnestness to them,
> showing them the way of learning.
> I showed them the learning of the dead
> the mystic superiority of old, old men.
> They showed me the knowledge of life
> free from all conceit and resistance;
> I was their master
> and should have been their servant.

J. E. CHERRY

> O a man may never be master of a school
> But a school may be master of a man;
> And if Britannia chastely unveiled the truth –
> David Herbert Lawrence, Man,
> Once blew the whistle here and blew it to hell
> That wouldn't do, O dear no.
> Ding dong bell
> All the neutered pussy-cats are in the well:
> Little eleven-plus pussies, take a good look
> At David Herbert Lawrence, novelist and poet,
> Who called your Auntie Britannia such rude names,
> But don't tell teacher, whatever you do,
> Or the Child Guidance Clinic will be after you,
> And teacher will tell you the illustrious dead
> Are there to be gaped at, on no account read –
> You little pussy cats from the most respectable roads
> in Croydon.

MARY VISICK

TEN TO TEN-FORTY – ENGLISH

> What did he write, Sir? What of his life?
> Was he well-born, Sir? Did he have a wife?
> 'The son of a miner, brought up in a hovel;
> wrote essays and poems, maybe a novel
> or two, I can't quite recall any name
> just now. But talking of literary fame
> Jones senior, your essay called "What

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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I Did On the Continent" is not
at all bad; though you really must try—"
Excuse me, Sir, about Lawrence, Sir, why
was my father so very annoyed
on Saturday? I told him I'd read and enjoyed
a book called *Lady Chatterley's Lover*
which I bought in France, in a plain, brown cover.
Why, Sir, have we erected a plaque
to an author we can only read in the dark?

ALAN F. WALLIS

I am worn out
with the effort of trying to teach people
and not succeeding.
Now I've made up my mind
I teach nobody, I'm going to teach nobody,
I'm not going to tell any lies about it,
it's your plaque, not mine.
If there's a boy here and there, or a nymphet
who can really read me,
that's quite enough for me.
And if by a miracle a school mistress happened to come along
who warmed the cockles of my heart
I'd rejoice over the woman and the warmed cockles of my heart
so long as it didn't all fizzle out in plaques.

GIDEON COHEN

For God's sake let us be men,
Not monkeys minding monkeys,
Standing or sitting with our tongues curled
And our nerves braced against the personality bars,
While the great fat British Public
Demands results, results—
And throws us nuts, and giggles at our blue bottoms.
I think of the blood and spirit which I have sold
For one hundred pounds sterling a year
To Croydon, to rueful Croydon in bloodstained Surrey,
And I feel the laughter blowing tornadoes
Over the thin fences of my bare timidity.
Take the damned thing down!

H. HARDMAN

City Lights

Mr Amory's Big Dash

Gently, now: even bribery has its pleasant side. I've yet to meet anyone who objects to paying less income tax and purchase tax, to having 2d off his pint of beer or to getting interest on his half-forgotten post-war credits. You can't deny that the man had a lot of money to give away, that he's given it away, and that most people are going to feel pleased about it.

Mr Amory, after all, by permitting unemployment to remain high and production to stagnate until it was time for his Budget, had provided himself with the best opportunity to cut taxation with a clear economic conscience that any Chancellor has enjoyed since the war. And in one sense, at last, he has grabbed it with both hands. The actual overall Budget deficit in 1958-9 was £182m: the deficit for 1959-60 is now estimated to be £721m. Mr Amory, while bravely maintaining that his is no spending-spree Budget, is conceding as much to the taxpayer as the most wildly optimistic of his amateur advisers have been urging. On top of this massive increase in the Budget deficit, he is reintroducing investment allowances – the immediate budgetary cost of which is nothing at all though its effect will probably be considerable – and is taking powers to accelerate the repayment of post-war credits later in the year. Mr Amory clearly believed that he had great scope for tax concessions.

How has he used it? Well, presumably, from the political point of view, though not so well as he might have done. By spreading his bounty here, there and everywhere, he has inevitably left behind a crowd of disappointed claimants; the cuts in beer duty and in the higher rates of purchase tax will cost a good deal of money without serving any very obvious object, and the compromise cut of 9d in the standard rate is as mildly annoying – especially to those who have to work with a fraction of 31/80 – as such compromises usually are. Socially, as the opposition will no doubt point out, the Budget has several notable faults. It is odd, for example, that Mr Amory's welcome concessions to beer-drinkers, television watchers and purchasers of the more expensive consumer goods should be accompanied by no concession to the harder-pressed members of the community but the belated hardship provisions for the repayment of post-war credits. It is odd, too, that the cuts in income tax rates should not have been matched by any change in the scale of allowances: the single man with an unearned income of £5,000 will gain £178 a year, the married man with two children earning £700 a year – slightly more than the average industrial worker – will make just over 1s a week.

It is from an economic point of view, however, that Mr Amory's Budget is most open to criticism. If a massive injection of purchasing power on this scale is now desirable to make 'a fuller use of our resources', there are plenty of unemployed workers to ask why the government had to wait until its pre-election Budget before taking action. If, however, the government was right not to have taken action on this scale some months ago when the recession was deepening, what are its effects likely to be now, when the Treasury experts proclaim that the upturn is already well established?

* * *

The City and the markets are generally pleased with the Budget; the cuts in income tax and purchase tax were generally expected, the re-introduction of investment allowances is a welcome extra. The only people to be slightly taken aback are the dividend-strippers and bond-washers who are promised further attention in the Finance Bill. Dividend stripping is an art practised by a finance company which is taxed according to its profit or loss on security dealings; it buys itself a company with large accumulated reserves which have already borne tax, pays itself a large dividend from these, so reducing the market value of the company, and then re-sells it at a loss which can be used to set against the tax charged on the dividend. There were provisions in the 1955 and 1958 Finance Acts to deal with the dividend-strippers, but they have been contriving to keep going by straddling Britain and Eire. This stopped, they will presumably find other places from which to operate – though the Inland Revenue has done well to stop a dodge so quickly.

Its decision to do something about bond-washing is less of a surprise. To bond-wash, a finance company operates with a body – such as a charity – which is exempted from tax on dividends. It buys gilt-edged stock at dividend time when the market price is swollen and sells a little later when the dividend element has been dropped from the price; it thus gets both its taxed dividend and a dealing loss to set against its general tax liability. The Stock Exchange, prompted by the Revenue, attempted to stop bond-washing as long ago as the summer of 1957. Perhaps the Revenue itself will be more successful.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 491. A Harem Full of Blondes

To achieve the theoretical maximum of nine Queens would seem to be practically impossible, and even a composer's flights of fancy would hardly approach so awesome an agglomeration of Queenly abundance. The maximum I have ever seen in a game position occurred in a famous game of Alekhine's when at one stage and for as long as two or three moves a total of five Queens were slogging it out in so fearful and almost incalculable a display of brute force that, whenever I play over the game I am tempted to wonder if the polish of my chess-table has stood the strain. Foremost among the great composers attracted by

multi-Q-promotions is Vladimir Alexandrovitch Korolkov who, gifted with as lively a sense of humour as one would expect from so fanciful a composer, prefers to frame such pieces as short stories, the hero (or villain) usually being a master Know-all who invariably comes a cropper. White in this position, he would tell the *kibitzers* that his opponent's hopes of forcing a mate were utterly naive since after (1) . . . Kt(5)-B6 ch; (2) K-R1, Kt-K5 he, Know-all, had provided a brilliant combination: (3) RP = Q ch, K-Kt6; (4) Q x RP ch, K x Q; (5) Q-R8 ch, K-Kt6; (6) Q-R2 ch, Kt x Q; (7) P = Q, Kt-KB6; (8) Q x P ch, K-R6; (9) Q-R2, ch, Kt x Q; (10) K-Kt1, K-Kt6; Here, interrupting his rumination for a moment, master Know-all once again turned to the *kibitzers:* 'My opponent,' he said, 'may still have fond dreams of . . . Kt-Q7, followed by . . . Kt-B6 ch, . . . Kt-K5 and mate, but I doubt that he has plumbed the astonishing depth of my counter-measures.'

(11) P-Kt6, Kt-Q7; (12) P-Kt7, Kt(R)-B6 ch; (13) K-R1 Kt-K5; (14) P = Q ch, P-Q3; (15) Q x P ch, K-R6; (16) Q-R2 ch, Kt x Q; (17) K-Kt1, K-Kt6; (18) P-R7, Kt-Q7; (19) P = Q, Kt(R)-B6 ch; (20) K-R1, Kt-K5; (21) Q-QKt8 ch, K-R6; (22) Q-R8 ch, K-Kt6; (23) Q-Kt8 ch.

Here Master Know-all reluctantly admitted that he had to be content with a draw, and since his opponent merely needed another draw to win the match the master (this time playing Black) strained all his ingenuity to reach this position. /2k1q3/ 2P5/3P1PPP/ 4P3/4Q3/1p5p/1P5p/KB6. 'It's a demonstrable win,' said master Know-all while benignantly turning to the *kibitzers:* "Look, if he takes my new Queen I mate him by . . . Q-R5, and anyway I have the unanswerable threat of the Q-swap, followed by . . . Q-R5 ch.' White played (2) Q-Kt4 ch, and in countering . . . Q-Q2 the master turned to his audience again. 'Note, how I do not give him the slightest chance. Had I played . . . K-Kt2 he might have got a perpetual on QKt4, QB4 etc.' Both players now being under grievous time-pressure the remaining moves were played at lightning speed.

(3) Q x Q, K x Q; (4) P-K6 ch, K-B1; (5) P-Q7 ch, K x P; (6) P = Q ch, K x Q; (7) P-K7 ch, K-Q2; (8) P = Q ch, K x Q; (9) P-B7 ch, K-K2; (10) P = Q ch, K x Q; (11) P-Kt7 ch, K-B2; (12) P = Q ch, K x Q; (13) P-R7 ch, K-Kt2; (14) P = Q ch, K x Q.

Having thus stalemated his opponent the master conceded the draw with ill grace, but he got really angry when the opponent modestly pointed out that with six Queens in action he had just beaten the master's proud record of the previous game.

A: Panteleyev 1956

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which Black forced a brilliant mate in 3. For 6 and 7 ladder-points **B** (a draw by F. Sackmann) and **C** (a win by Duras) in Forsyth.

B: /8/6p1/P1p2Kt2/8/5PB1 /3Pr3/8/1k3K1b/.

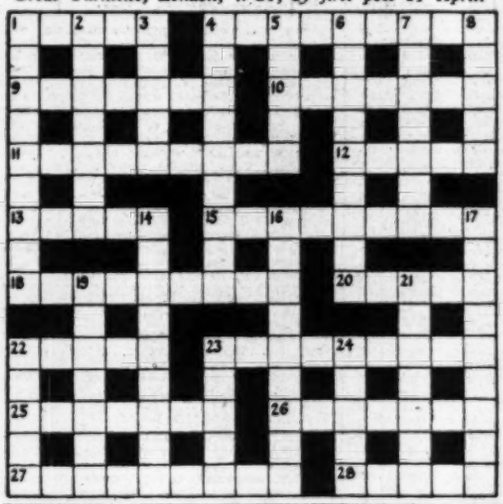
C: /8/KPb5/8/P5p1/5p2/3k 4/7P/2B5/.

Usual prizes. Entries by 20 April.

REPORT on No. 488 held over

Week-end Crossword 350

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 350, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 21 April.



ACROSS

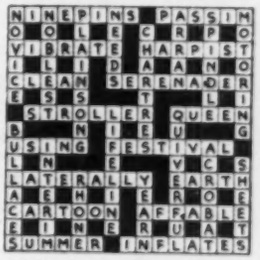
1. Put lines wrongly down (5).
4. Showy footballer in a scene of the past (9).
9. The wine to spoil the penniless dish (7).
10. The college contains a venerable carrier (7).
11. Irons perhaps to sell back a suit (9).
12. Fashions for poetry in writing (5).
13. She has directions about the country (5).
15. Sinner she wrongly treats as holy (9).
18. Converter of trial goal is to be seen later (9).
20. Organisation which provides a place in the theatre in front of the circle (5).
22. Figure for what an archaeologist does (5).
23. Flower and bird nonsense (9)
25. Withdraw what one has said about a pamphlet (7).
26. Pulled in for the attraction in the pub (7).
27. Making love is nearly all anxieties and wickedness (9).
28. Aerobatics as an afterthought after a card game (5).

DOWN

1. Mediterranean place where Latin destinies envelop a wise man (9).
2. Opens out in a car after the sun-top is missing (7).
3. The general has lost nothing for money (5).
4. Full of gas, it sounds like the apartment you let someone else use (9).
5. Musketeer for a mountain (5).
6. The college takes notice of signs of quality (9).
7. Desert with some players on (7).
8. With cats the prey would make mountains (5).
14. Birds give one unpleasant shocks after dark (9).
16. The lad has to undress on the heather (9).
17. For articles of clothing the cost varies with the college (9).
19. Spill for one who dismounts (7).
21. Fruit from a case over a party (7).
22. 'With eager thought warbling his —— lay' (Milton) (5).
23. Good about a sober singer (5).
24. Sing with a poem at heart (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 348



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NEWLY dec. furn. flat, ½ hr town, only 4½ gns., for long let. ENTerprise 7834.

A ROOM for young lady in house of young people. WIL. 3702.

BACHELOR invited share congenial house with two others. Mod. cost. Tel. EALing 3948 after 7 p.m. or write Box 7431.

RICHMOND, charm. small mod. flat. Independent share off. prof. wom. PRO. 5969.

SUNNY, comfortable, furnished attic room, single, 45s. PUTney 1659.

PLEASANT, newly decorated bed/s., usual facs, near Highgate. TUD. 0807.

W5. Large divan-sitting room, newly furnished; garden view; ample kitchenette with new Baby Belling. Hot and cold water. £4 inclusive. Box 7603.

W1. 3 men (grads), mid-20's, seek 1 or 2 to share mod. furn. house. AMB. 9236.

CHARMING balcony bed-sitting-room, modern block, every convenience. WC1. Breakfast optional. Ring TER. 3752.

BED-sitter, ckg facs, own entrance, £2. Teacher only. Reduction hols. MAR. 6424.

PLEASANT large room & k'ette for 1 or 2 in private home. Unfashionable N. district, convenient City. CLI. 5115.

WELL-furn. div-rm, use tel., bath, ckg facs. Gentleman only. 42s. MAI. 1093.

S/C. sgle furn. bed-sit., own kitchen and bathroom, Islington. £3 p.w. 'Phone Oliver, CAN. 5094 office hours.

NR Belsize Park Station, charming, newly furn. top-floor flat, 2 rms. and kit. 6 gns. p.w. 1 person prefd. Also, sgle v. well furn. bed-sit. 3½ gns. PRI. 0488.

NEW s/c. furn. flat, peaceful & sunny, overlooking Queen's Wood, 2 large rooms with kitchen/dining-room. Bathroom, separate toilet, all newly dec., 8 gns. TUDor 0516.

BLACKHEATH. Comfortable single room, cooking facilities, £2 10s. inclusive. Double rooms ditto, 35s. each. Box 7303.

LARGE b/sitter, share kitchen, bath, own tel. 60s. p.w. LAD. 1458, after 7 p.m.

BUS./prof. women, newly decorated divan-rooms & kit. 2 gns. each. MOU. 5438.

CLAPHAM Common, newly dec. b/s., own kit. 55s. Business lady. BAT. 3017.

KEW. Pleasant furn. divan room, all facs. Musical tenant (m.) pref. Box 7466.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

PUTNEY. Furn. balcony room in small flat. Lady. Mon.-Fri. Reas. rent. Box 7530.

HIGHGATE Wds. Beautiful bed-sit. rms. Double 3 gns., single 2 gns. TUD. 8207.

SINGLE bed-sit. with separate kitchen, bath-rm, toilet, use 'phone, in well-furnished flat. Ring GLA. 8254.

3-rmd s.c. flat, interestingly furn., c.h.w., linen, china, frig. incl. Garage extra. 8 gns. Reduction 3-yr let. CAN. 8482.

BED-sit. & dinette, contemp., sep. entr., own telephone, use kit. & bath. Two mins Swiss Cottage tube. 70s. per week. Professional woman only. Box 7429.

BAYSWATER. Comfortable, single divan-room, basin, c.h.w.; elec. fire, share large kitchen one other person: linen, china. £3 incl. heat. Box 7172.

AVAILABLE shortly. Well-furnished rooms, pleasant house Hampton, Middlesex, close station and river. Use large secluded garden with tennis court. (NS readers preferred.) Details Box 7293.

HALF-House (gnd fl.), SW4. Virt. s.c., own k. & b., etc. Two friends (f.) or cple? Unf. or semi? Vac. May. Reas. Box 7476.

ASHDOWN Forest. Holiday bungalow, sleeps 7, 2 acres, stream, furn. from £5 weekly till Aug. Box 7340.

SOUTH Cornwall. Gerrans Bay, facing Portscatho. Unique private position on farm overlooking superb sandy beach; modern Countess 4-berth caravan to let; fully eqpd. Free from 30 May except 1-29 Aug. Rent June 6 gns., July-Sept. 7 gns. wkly. Box 7488.

CORNISH cottage, 3 miles to St Ives. Delightful position, view to sea. Sleep 3. May, June, July 6 gns. week. Write Alford, 'Random Top', Trencrom, Lelant, Cornwall.

COUNTRY Cottage beauty spot Lammermuir Hills, 2 bedrooms 5 gns weekly, also small two-roomed flat; h. and c. 5 gns. Graham, Longformacus, Berwickshire.

HOLIDAY accom. beside W. Looe river. Mod. furn. cottage, ditto bungalow. Shallowpool, Nr. Looe, Cornwall.

SUIT woman writer. One or two partly furn. single rooms, box room cooking facils. One room £1, two rooms 30s. Cummings, St Ives, Silver Street, Braunton, Devon.

ACCOMMODATION EXCHANGE

OWNER modern house, Bangor, Caerns, seeks exchange similar house in London. First fortnight in Aug. Box 7273.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

PROVINCIAL University Lecturer and wife require permanent accommodation in London for vacations. Any ideas? Box 7221.

GENT., 9 May, lge b/s, usual facs. 4 mls radius Aldwych. TEM. 8484/Ext. 306.

WANTED, large unfurnished room pref. adjoining small room; gas and water. Decorate if suitable. Central Lon. Box 7532.

HAS anyone large unfurn. rm/studio for daytime use, fairly central? Box 7493.

BACH. with widowed mother sks unfurn. flat London, pref. Victoria area. Box 7513.

HOUSE wanted for fortnight's retreat. Jul/Aug. 15 persons. Own catering. Within 100 m. London. Attractive. Box 7572.

PROPERTIES TO LET

N12. Furn. cottage, 4 rms, k., b., gdn. Easy reach City/West End. £6 p.w. Box 7312.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE AND WANTED

£4,800. Hampstead Gdn. Suburb. Four bedroomed house with garage. Box 7602.

LARGE family need largish house or 2 cottages (min. 4 bedrooms) up to £1,000. Not deterred by remoteness or partial dilapidation. Box 7339.

WHERE TO STAY

PORTHLEVEN, Tye Rock Hotel, adjoining beach; views Land's End-Lizard; quiet comfort. 'Home' cooking. AA & RAC recom. S.a.e. for brochure

COTSWOLD Hills. Cottage guest house. Exc. cen.; gd food. 17s. 6d. dly; 5 gns. wkly. (Afternoon teas extra). Broch.: Tansley, Yew Trees, Cockleford, Cowley, Cheltenham.

BRITAIN'S Little Tyrol, Surrey. Highcroft Hotel, Hindhead. Highly recommended. Club licence. (Tel. 49.)

MULLION, Cornwall. Mounts Bay Hotel offers every comf. H. & c. all rms. Exc. cuisine. Children welc. Broch. with pleasure.

'TREES', Woody Bay, N. Devon. In beautiful woodlands 5 mins walk sea. Excellent food, ev. comf. Ill. brochure sent gladly.

COMBE Martin, Devon. 'Summerlands' Guest House, AA listed, offers homely mod. accom. 5 mins sea. Own grown produce. Stamp for broch. E. Bright ('phone 2205).

CORNWALL. Luxury accom. near Land's End, beaches & bus routes. Good food, mod. bathroom. Television, phone, garage, private dining room & sun lounge. Children & pets welcome. Terms moderate. Box 7474.

SUSSEX: 12 mls Eastbourne. Acres wooded grounds. Own produce. Everything home made. Vegetarians welcome. From 6½ gns. Whinrig Guest House, Horam 211.

LA Chaire Hotel, Jersey, Channel Islands, 1st Register, fully licensed, standing in 10 acres, at lovely, unspoilt Rozel Bay. Easy reach of town. Golf, bathing, fishing, boating, etc. Enjoy an early holiday. Write brochure.

ALTERNATIVE to South of France for Spring & Summer holidays in 'Britain's Best Climate' (town claim). Unsurpassed amenities. Premier postn, full Sth. From 6½ gns, incl. htd bedrm, early tea, 4 meals & coffees dly. No gratuities. Friendly atmosphere. Illus. brochures free. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St Leonards, Sussex.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and country, 5s post free from Victor Hilton (NS), Sundial House, Torquay.

W. Coast of Ireland. Spend your holidays here this year & stay at Avondale House, on Clew Bay, Mulrany, Co. Mayo, Ireland.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Gerionydd. Modern comfort, very good fires. Friendly & informal, 6½/7) gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

RECULVER Lodge, Beltinge, Kent. Ideal for weekends or holidays. Vegetarians especially welcome.

DOONEEN Guest House, Letterfrack, Connemara, Ireland, offers homely first-class accommodation. Moderate terms, h. & c. and inner-sprung mattresses. Boating, fishing, motor trips. Fully licensed. Brochure available.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

IF you can't afford the Continent but like the food, sun, sea & country there is an old stone cottage at Salcombe taking a few guests. Bfkt & dinner. 7 gns. p.w. Box 6397.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns, putting green, garages. Superlative food. June 9 gns, July 10-12 gns.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Historic house, woods, lakes, own farm, modern amenities, sea near. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

ROME. Pensione Texas, Via Firenze 47. V. cent., full or half pens. Exc. food, h. & c. all bedrms. Charming, informal. Reas.

PARIS Pension, 75 Rue Cardinal Lemoine Ve. Full pension 35s., half 28s. daily. Quiet, ideal for study; good cuisine, recomm.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts, 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Reduced rates up to end of June. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'WHAT Soviet People Read', Judah Waten; 'Communism and the Left', R. P. Dutt; 'Nyasaland Massacre', H. Rathbone. 'Labour Monthly', 1s. 8d. or 9s. half yearly post free, Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

'LOSS of the Magyar', by Patricia Beer, is the Poetry Book Society Spring Choice. Details of Membership (subscription 2 gns.) from Secretary, 4 St James's Square, SW1.

SOUTH Africa, The Left and Europe. Advertising, Comprehensive Schools, Cyprus, plus 8-page Aldermaston supplement with statistical survey. All in spring issue of 'Perspecitve'. 1s. 3d. from 76 Eton Hall, NW3.

CANDIDATES contesting municipal elections need The Rating Reformer, sure-fire, vote-winning leaflet. Independent, non-party, facsimile newspaper format 8½ by 11". Space left for rubber stamping candidate's name, etc. Useless and dangerous for opponents of Land-Value Rating. Invaluable for others. Minimum 1,000 for £1. Discount on larger orders. Specimens free. Ready 15 April. From Land & Liberty, 177 Vauxhall Bridge Road, Victoria, SW1.

IS India with us? 'Crossbow', the Bow Group quarterly of Tory ideas, studies this question in an important series of articles on Britain's approach to the uncommitted world. Authors include P. T. Bauer and G. F. Hudson; articles include 'Whom should we aid?' and 'Meeting Khrushchev'. In the April issue, out this week. 3s. a copy. 10s. p.a. 'Crossbow', Room 3, 22 St Giles' High Street, WC2.

NOW to infirmity stretches your child's career: invest in Chaffe and Edmonds' 'Careers Encyclopedia'. Critically selected data on 220 progressive livelihoods: exams, training, prospects. A 650 pp. authority for only 15s. (16s. 9d. posted). Booksellers, or Cleaver-Hume Press Ltd, 31 Wright's Lane, W8.

CENTRAL Books announce the transfer of their shop, owing to LCC clearance, from 2 Parton St (closed 11 April) to 37 Grays Inn Rd (near Holborn Hall), open from Monday 13 April for your current progressive literature, the Marxist classics, and books for study, do-it-yourself, and just pleasure.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS by return. New books sent by post. Write for Spring List to Southbank Bookpost, 10 Cleaver Square, SE11.

BOOKS bought, Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week.
N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE
FACULTY OF ENGLISH

The Faculty hope shortly to appoint up to three University Assistant Lecturers in English to serve from 1 October 1959. Pensionable stipend £700 or £800 rising to £900 or £1,000. Family allowances.

Further particulars from the Secretary, Dr R. T. H. Redpath, Laundress Lane Faculty Rooms, Mill Lane, Cambridge, to whom applications (10 copies) with the names of not more than three referees should be sent by 30 April 1959.

WOMAN PERSONNEL OFFICER

PHILIPS ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES LTD. is seeking a woman of 30 or under, preferably with some years' experience as a personnel officer. She will work in a factory team with men and women personnel officers, carrying responsibility for the personnel function in connection with a large number of women. Training in the company's policies and practices will be given.

Applications in writing marked P.O.12, should be sent to the Employment Officer, Philips Electrical Industries Ltd, Central Personnel Department, 171 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, WC2. The closing date is 18 April.

If you're the kind of girl the Chief relies on,
Alert, omniscient and a good stone-waller;
A crisp steneg., neurosis-free, no flies on
. . . . then do come and see us; we have just the job for you as Secretary or PA; salaries, conditions and opportunities are all first-rate.

THE ST STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT
3-4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2; 2 Broad Street Place, EC2; 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra. Fellow or Senior Fellow in Law. Applications are invited for the above position in the Department of Law in the Research School of Social Sciences. The salary range of a Fellowship is from £A1,793 to £2,563, and of a Senior Fellowship from £A2,553 to £3,063; increments for Fellow are £70 per annum, Senior Fellow £85 per annum. The successful applicant will, in the first place, be appointed at a salary and an incremental limit fixed within those ranges by reference to his standing and experience. Appointment is made for an initial period of five years; thereafter it may be made permanent. The appointee will be required to pursue research projects in his own speciality, to supervise or assist in the supervision of students, and to co-operate with other Departments of the School as appropriate. He will be expected to have a general competence in English law, and to have or acquire a knowledge of Australian law so far as different. He will also be expected to take an interest in the history of his special field, and in general legal theory. Some preference may be given to applicants whose special interests lie in Evidence, Procedure, Torts, Conflicts, or some combination of those fields. The person appointed will be entitled to one year's study leave on full pay, plus a contribution towards travel and other expenses in every six years (if a Senior Fellow) or every seven years (if a Fellow). Superannuation on the FSSU pattern will be provided and reasonable removal expenses will be paid. Further details are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq., London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 31 August 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Post-Graduate Scholarship in Soviet Institutions. Applications are invited for a Post-Graduate Scholarship in Soviet Institutions, tenable for one year. Stipend – £400-£500, according to qualifications and experience. Applications (3 copies) should be lodged, not later than 30 April, 1959, with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Robt T. Hutcheson, Secretary of University Court.

ADMINISTRATIVE County of Wilts. Applications invited from suitably qualified women for Child Care Officer to undertake special responsibilities under the Adoption Act, 1958. Certificate of Central Training in Child Care and/or a social science qualification desirable and experience in adoption work essential. Salary £725. Application forms with full details from the Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable by 4 May 1959.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Music Talks Producer to promote and produce talks, chiefly in Third Programme, on music and subjects related to music, including talks with musical illustrations; also to attend auditions and concerts and to report thereon. Wide knowledge and sound judgment of musical standards and taste essential, acquaintance with the history of music, an understanding of trends and personalities in the world of music today, organising ability, also imagination and skill in the use of words. A professional training in music although not essential may be the deciding factor. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,930 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1068 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

BBC requires Literary Editor, The Listener, to be responsible for the literary and art pages of The Listener (including the choice of original poems) and for supplements of a literary character. He must have a wide knowledge of literature and the literary scene and be familiar with the general run of current literature and authors, art exhibitions and art critics. Salary £1,255 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,735 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1071, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Chair of Economics. Applications are invited for a newly established second Chair of Economics. Salary will be at the rate of £A3,750 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment. There is retirement provision under the Professorial Superannuation Scheme and, in addition a pension of not less than £A400 per annum upon retirement after the age of 60 years. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. A statement of conditions of appointment and information for candidates may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 15 June, 1959

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Senior Lectureship in French. Applications are invited for the above position. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,200-80-£2,600 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment, and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 30 May 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Lectureship or Assistant Lectureship in Statistics. Applications are invited for the above post. Applicants must have appropriate qualifications specialising either in Mathematical Statistics or in Statistics in conjunction with an applied field. Annual salary (Superannuable) is Lecturer: £1,575×£50–£2,175 (man) or £1,200×£40–£1,680 (woman). Assistant Lecturer: £1,375×£50–£1,525 (man) or £1,040×£40–£1,160 (woman). There is also an expatriation allowance of £225 a year if applicable. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. First-class sea passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leaves. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Hong Kong and London, on 15 May 1959.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Lecturer in Classics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. The salary will be £1,025 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,275. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 1 June 1959.

INTERVIEWERS, part-time and full-time, required from June 1959 for 6 months or longer for a survey of the economic problems of old age. The work involves obtaining information from all classes of older people about their income and other resources. Applicants should preferably have a social science degree or diploma. They must live within easy reach of either Salisbury, Leicester, Hexham R.D., Glasgow, Wimbledon or East Ham, or be free to travel. Further particulars from the Secretary, Department of Applied Economics, 7 West Road, Cambridge. Closing date for applications 25 April.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Leeds. Department of English Language and Medieval English Literature. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in the Department of English Language and Medieval Literature. Salary on the scale £900 × £50 – £1,350 (efficiency bar) × £75 – £1,650 a year for a Lecturer or within the range £700 – £850 a year for an Assistant Lecturer, according to age, qualifications and experience. Preference will be given to candidates having special interests in Chaucer and later Medieval Literature. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars obtainable) not later than 9 May 1959.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Social Science. Candidates should have qualifications in social studies and experience in social work or administration. Salary on the scale £900-£1,650 per annum, according to age, qualifications and experience. Membership of FSSU and children's allowance scheme. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, to whom applics (six copies) must be sent by 25 April, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. Applications are invited for an Assistant Lectureship in Statistics (£700×50–£850), from those who are interested in the application of statistical techniques in sociology (including demography). Duties to begin on 1 October, 1959, or as soon after that date as possible. Applications will be welcomed from mathematical statisticians whose main interest lies in the development of techniques for use in this field as well as from social scientists. Applications (3 copies), with the names of three referees, should be sent not later than 25 April, 1959, to the Registrar, The University, Birmingham, 15, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

HOME Office: (a) Children's Inspector; (b) Probation Inspector. Pensionable posts (2 for (a), 1 for (b)) for men or women aged at least 28 on 1 March 1959 with wide experience of social conditions. For posts (a), understanding of behaviour problems of children and young people is essential and a University degree or appropriate diploma or certificate, or recognised training in social or educational work an advantage. For post (b), understanding of juvenile and adult delinquency problems is essential, and experience in the training and supervision of case workers and a University degree or other qualification in social science will be an advantage. National salary scale (men): £1,265-£1,580. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 4957/59. Closing date 21 April 1959.

COUNTY of Buckingham. Appointment of Probation Officers. Applications are invited for the appointment of a whole-time Male and a whole-time Female probation officer, both to serve in the south of the County. The appointments and salaries will be in accordance with the Probation Rules, and subject to medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names, addresses and descriptions of two referees, must reach me by 18 April, 1959. R. E. Millard, Secretary to the Combined Probation Committee, County Hall, Aylesbury.

PSYCHOLOGISTS: Pensionable posts in Admiralty (1 – man only), War Office (1), Air Ministry (1), Ministry of Supply (1 – man only), Prison Commission (4) for candidates aged 21 and normally under 31 on 1.8.59 with prescribed professional qualifications or experience in Psychology. Final year students may apply. Starting salary (men, London) £615 to £975. Maximum £1,300. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for details and application form, quoting 75/59/10. Closing date 17 April, 1959.

NEWCASTLE Upon Tyne Hospital Management Committee. Psychiatric Social Worker. Psychiatric Social Worker required for the Newcastle General Hospital Child Psychiatry Unit which is housed in separate accommodation near the main hospital. The Unit has been planned jointly by the Regional Hospital Board and Kings College Medical School, University of Durham, and is a part of the Professorial Unit of Psychological Medicine. It is the training centre in Child Psychiatry for the region and undertakes undergraduate and post graduate teaching as well as research. Opportunities are available for long term case work. Whitley Council salary scale and conditions of service Applics should be sent to the Group Sec., Newcastle General Hospital, Westgate Road, together with the names and addresses of 3 referees.

WEST Sussex County Council Education Committee. Assistant Educational Psychologist required. Salary scale – Man: £950×£25–£1,275 p.a.; Woman: £924×£22–£1,116 with equal pay increments to a maximum of £1,275 p.a.; plus 5% on either scale. The Committee will be prepared to consider a commencing salary above the minimum to a person with suitable qualifications and experience. Forms of application and further particulars from Director of Education, County Hall, Chichester, to whom completed applications should be returned by 30 April, 1959.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Electricity Council. Assistant Tutor – Horsley Towers. The Electricity Council invite applications for the superannuable appointment of Assistant Tutor, at their Residential Training Establishment, Horsley Towers, Nr Leatherhead, Surrey. This Centre provides short courses in industrial relations, management and supervisory training and technical subjects for employees of the Electricity Supply Industry. Applicants will be required to lecture on aspects of industrial and human relations, including organisation, supervisory functions, communications, and effective speaking and writing. They should have had experience of contemporary instructional techniques, such as case studies, projects, syndicate working and group discussions. They should possess educational qualifications appropriate to this work. Salary within NJC Grade 8 £1,185 – £1,305 p.a. Residential accommodation, for which a charge will be made, available for single man. Applications stating age, present position, salary and giving full details of qualifications and exper. to E. Landucci, Winsley St, W1, by 18 April, 1959. Quote ref. C/34.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. Applications are invited for the post of temporary Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Sociology from 1 October, 1959, to 30 September, 1960. Applications (two copies), with the names of three referees, should be sent, not later than 25 April, 1959, to the Registrar, The University, Birmingham, 15, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

SENIOR Scientific Officers (a): Scientific Officers (b). Pensionable posts for men or women in all major scientific fields, including physics, chemistry, biology, meteorology and mathematics. Age limits: (a) at least 26 and under 31, (b) at least 21 and under 28. Extension for regular Forces Service and Overseas Civil Service. Qualifications: normally first or second class honours degree in science, mathematics or engineering, or equivalent attainment; additionally for (a), at least 3 years' relevant (e.g., post-graduate) experience. London salaries (men): (a) £1,190-£1,410, (b) £635-£1,110; provision for starting pay above minimum. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form, quoting (a) S53/59, (b) S52/59.

FAIRDENE and Netherne Hospitals. There is a vacancy for a Psychiatric Social Worker immediately, or in the Autumn, to replace Miss Lacey who because of family illness, has to return to America. There are opportunities for Out-patient work, social club work, community work, and work with groups, as well as hospital patients. There is clerical help and use of car. Salary in accordance with Whitley Council Scale. Applications with the name of two referees should be sent to – The Physician Superintendent, Netherne Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Any further information can be obtained from Miss Jenkins, Psychiatric Social Worker. A Locum would be considered.

INTENSIVE Caseworkers. London County Council requires number of Caseworkers (Child Welfare Officers) in Children's Department to do intensive family casework with selected London families who are in difficulties and who need skilled support and sympathetic guidance to help them to solve their own problems. The aims are (1) to prevent the break-up of such families and the reception of their children into care and to help them rehabilitate themselves so that children who are already in care can return home. Caseloads are small; the work is arduous but rewarding. Candidates must have had wide experience of family casework and social work with adults, and of co-operation with voluntary or statutory bodies and should preferably have appropriate professional qualifications. £630-£927 10s. commencing, according to qualifications and experience. Details and application form (returnable by 25 April) from Children's Officer (CH/E1/605), County Hall, SE1.

ORGANISING Secretary required for Mary Macarthur Holiday Homes for Working Women. Non-political and non-denominational. Sense social welfare required. Post involves some management and maintenance detail, liaison with Hostesses, domestic staff and Management Committee; also Committee and appeal work and simple accounts. Commencing salary £600 p.a. Office and excellent free living accommodation including heat and light at Acton, London. Four weeks holiday, superannuation. Apply by 2 May. Box 7462.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Child Care Officers. Applications are invited from men and women for appointment as Child Care Officers; salary scale £725 – £845 (APTD II). Candidates should have the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or a university qualification in Social Science with special experience in the child care field. Consideration will be given to candidates at present training and not available until the autumn. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, with names and addresses of two referees to the Children's Officer, Holly House, 220/224 London Road, Chelmsford, By 20 April, 1959.

MATRON exp., interested child development wanted for small boarding dept. Scope for initiative boys/girls 8/16. Good salary and hols. Hampstead area. Box 7090.

PART/whole-time housekeeper wanted for barrister's family, NW11. Box 7171.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Psychotherapist required to work 6 half-days a week at Peckham Child Guidance Unit with Psychiatrist, Educational Psychologist and Psychiatric Social Worker as team. Applicants should possess an Honours Degree in Psychology or the Mental Health Certificate and have undertaken specialist training in Psychotherapy including analysis with children. Annual salary £825. Application form and further details from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D1/681), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, SE1. Closing date 22 April.

ANTHROPOLOGIST for US University. Must be interested in theoretical problems and have knowledge of Far or Near East. Terms of appointment variable with candidate's experience. Send brief outline of experience and possible references to: Professor Alvin W. Gouldner, 1204 W. Oregon Street, Urbana, Illinois, USA.

SOCIAL and Welfare Workers. Adelaide House, 115 Edge Lane, Liverpool. Applications are invited for the post of resident Warden of a Church of England Approved Probation Hostel for 16 girls of the 15 to 18 age group. The Hostel is being re-opened after a temporary closing, and the post offers considerable scope for someone interested and experienced in dealing with the needs and problems of the adolescent girl. There is accommodation for a married couple with the husband following his own employment, or for two friends, as there is also a vacancy for an Assistant Warden. Salary £509-£600 for the Warden; £444-£540 for the Assistant Warden, according to experience (less £116 for emoluments). The post is superannuable and subject to medical assessment. Applications, stating age, experience and qualifications, with names and addresses of three referees, to be sent to the Secretary, CETS Office, 3 Tithebarn Street, Liverpool 2.

RESIDENT Housefather required as Deputy to the Warden at Myths House, Mayford Green, Woking, Surrey, a special home for 14 boys between 11 and 15 with behaviour difficulties. Applicants should have had experience in residential care of emotionally disturbed or maladjusted children, and be able to understand behaviour problems whilst at the same time exercising sensible control. £475×£15—£550 (subject to review and commencing according to qualifications and experience), less £134 14s. for board, etc. £25 allowance to holder of Home Office Certificate in Child Care. Single accommodation only. Leave four weeks, including public holidays. Particulars and application form from Children's Officer (CH/WDO/598), County Hall, SE1.

HOUSEMOTHER-in-charge required for Children's Home; small and interesting family group in delightful surroundings in Watford. Salary in range of £400/£500 p.a., with residential emoluments. One month's annual leave. Applicants must have had considerable experience of work in a senior post in a Children's Home. Nursing experience an advantage. Applications, with names and addresses of two referees, one of whom must be the present employer, to be sent to the General Secretary, Actors' Orphanage Fund, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W1.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee. Appointment of Full-time Youth Leader, Slough Girls' Club. Full-time woman Youth Leader required for Slough Girls' Club. The Club has the exclusive use of spacious premises and facilities for various activities. Extremely interesting work in a large well-established club in industrial community. Assistant leadership provided. Post superannuable and salary related to Burnham Further Education Grade A scale, according to qualifications and experience. Particulars and forms of applic. from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Aylesbury, Bucks.

YOUTH Leader, qualified and experienced, required for new full-time mixed youth club opening 1 July 1959. Married man whose wife is interested in the work essential. The post offers scope for experiment and imagination. Salary £450 p.a. plus living accommodation. Pension Scheme available. Apply in writing, with full details of age, experience and qualifications, to Mr. L. Mills, Area Youth Organiser, 2 Market Place, Frome, Somerset.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of full-time Welfare Officer (female). For particulars apply in writing to the Assistant Secretary, The Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, London, W2.

YOUNG lady assistants with some knowledge of crafts required for handicrafts showroom. Congenial surroundings and good prospects. Apply The Manageress, Dryad Handicrafts, 93 Gt Russell St, WC1.

CAPABLE lady (preferably married or with some other visible means of support) for clerical work, some typing, at Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Avenue, EC1. Very little money, but compensations for one who cares about opera/theatre. Write or 'phone Miss Villiers, TER. 7214.

AUTHOR, Hampstead area, reqs Secretary. Fast shorthand & typing essential, also ability to write. Salary by arr. Box 7299.

WANTED: Secretary with knowledge typing for afternoons. Box 7518.

CONGENIAL varied post offered to exp. Sec., age immaterial. Hours & salary by arrangement. No Sats. 'Phone LAN. 6702.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Education Inspectorate – Inspector of Commercial Education (man or woman) required to inspect, advise on and organise commercial education in secondary schools and establishments of further education. Teaching experience in commercial subjects, including shorthand and typewriting, essential. Business experience desirable. Salary £1,000-£1,500; appointment may be made above minimum. Application forms, with details, from Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/S), County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 4 May. (711.)

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Chair of Social Policy and Administration. Applications are invited for the newly established Chair of Social Policy and Administration in the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. Three copies of applications with the names of three referees must be sent not later than 9 May 1959, to the Registrar, The University, Birmingham, 15, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College of North Wales, Bangor. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Psychology. The salary scale is £700×£50–£850 p.a., and in addition there are FSSU benefits and family allowances. The appointment will date from 1 October 1959. Two copies of the application should reach the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained, not later than 30 April 1959.—Kenneth Lawrence, Secretary and Registrar.

A LEADING London educational publisher wishes to appoint a representative to establish an editorial/trade office in Nigeria and to develop the publisher's business throughout British West Africa. Remuneration will be commensurate with the responsibility of the post, and accommodation and a car will be provided. Candidates should be between 25 and 35 years, should preferably be single and should have previous experience in publishing. Applications, which will be treated in strictest confidence, should be addressed to: GJ, Box 7557.

ASSISTANT editor (man) for new, glossy, regional, woman's magazine. Intelligent, literate, and an experienced sub and layout man. Write details of education, newspaper or magazine experience, salary wanted, to the editor, 'Savoir Faire', 54/56 Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

EXPERIENCED Minute Clerk required urgently. Must be a competent and certificated shorthand writer with full experience of committee work. Salary £760 rising to £820 p.a. Staff Pension Scheme. Apply: Chief Clerk, Electrical Power Engineers' Association, 102 St George's Square, London, SW1.

BBC requires secretaries for Italian Service. Accurate and quick typing from dictation in language concerned and working knowledge of English are required. Shorthand in appropriate language and previous clerical experience advantageous. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, quoting S.C.1004 N. Stm., within a week.

SUMMER in Italy? American firm seeks young lively men or women with own vehicle for sales job with US families in Europe. Short training period in England. Hard work but high earnings. Phone Brittan, HOLborn 0618 for appointment.

PHYSICS Grad. woman tutor reqd end Apr. for pt-time work Lon. W1. Box 7461.

SHORTHAND Typist required for work in Research and Education Department of large office in Westminster District. Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £10 3s., rising to £10 13s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write, giving age and particulars of experience, to Box 7432.

PERSONAL assistant/secretary, 24/26, for well-known publishers. Apply Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

NORW./German sh.-typist required by International Trade Union Organisation. For further details apply Public Services International, Transport Hse, Smith St, SW1.

SECRETARY/Shorthand Typist for small, friendly political office, WC1. £9 17s 6d at 23. Box 7581.

A NUMBER of Top Secretarial posts in City/West End. Write – St. Paul's Agcy, 35 Copthall Ave, EC2. NAT. 9494.

RESIDENT Assistant Housekeeper required for small hostel. Varied and interesting duties. Experience not essential. Apply to the Bursar, Mary Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SWISS secretary, 22, seeks job as secretary/translator. Fluent German, English, French. Shorthand in all three languages. Practical experience. Box 7082.

SECRETARY 40's, int. social questions, books, medical, many other things. Temp. or perm. £11-12. Box 7475.

FELLOWSHIPS

UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL

FELLOWSHIP IN DRAMA

The University invites applications for the above Fellowship from University graduates of a few years' standing who can submit evidence of ability in the writing of plays and who wish to devote a year of study to this interest. The Fellowship is tenable for the single Academic year 1959-60, which runs from 1 August, 1959, to 31 July, 1960. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar of the University, with whom applications must be lodged by 1 May.

RESEARCH Fellowships (3 years) in Government Scientific Establishments. Value £1,100-£1,350 (Senior) and £750-£1,000 (Junior). Very wide range of topics, especially in the physical sciences. A few opportunities for biologists, e.g., in virology, taxonomy and physiology as applied to fisheries and veterinary research. Qualifications: normally first or second class honours degree; evidence of high standard of ability in research; and at least 2 years' post-graduate research experience (3 years for Senior Fellowships). No age limits. FSSU. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form, quoting S4932/59.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 528

SOCIAL Science Tutorial College. Postal Courses. 11 Old Bond St, W1.

RUSSIAN Courses at Pushkin Club, Mon., Wed., Fri. Beginners, Intermediate, Advanced. Apply to 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. PARk 7696.

RUSSIAN, French, German, Spanish, Italian. Expert Tuition by native teachers, private lessons, small classes, conversation groups. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). TRA. 2044.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses. Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1A Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

RESIDENTAL Courses: Whit Week-end Painting. Lectures, demonstrations and criticisms by Jack Merriott, RI, SMA. 15-18 May. Fee £4 4s. How To Enjoy Opera. Lectures in appreciation, with gramophone recordings, by Else Mayer-Lismann. 17-19 July. Fee £3 3s. Acting and Production with the Bristol Old Vic Theatre School. 25 July-1 August. Fee £11. Reading – Personal Choice. 8-15 August. Fee £8 8s. Exploring Dorset. Daily visits and talks. 17-24 August. Fee £10 10s. Held in the Somerset Education Committee's beautiful College for Adult Education. Details from the Warden, Dillington House, Ilminster, Somerset.

SUMMER Film School, British Film Institute. Morning lectures and discussions by visiting film celebrities, afternoon film-making, evening film programmes. At Eastbourne, 8-22 August. Single room accommodation with hot and cold water. Inclusive charge £22. Brochure from BFI, 4 Gt Russell St, WC1. COV. 2801.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 11 May to 11 Sept. 1959. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

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Special Air Charter holiday to Lloret de Mar, Hotel Villa Solterra, every room with private shower.
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Vacancies 16 and 30 May, 13 and 27 June, 11 July, 19 September.

15-day coach tour to Southern Spain, visiting Barcelona, Madrid, Cordoba, Seville, Granada, Valencia. 47 gns. Fortnightly departures from 10 May to 25 October.

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Enjoy a Spring Holiday with one of our early parties to Venice and Florence, the Dutch Bulb-fields, Rome and Positano, Lake Garda and Venice, Portugal, Greece, the Italian Adriatic or Riviera.

Costs from 27½ gns. by rail, 39 gns. by air.

Our special Alpine Flower party is held at Pontresina, Engadine (28 June to 12 July). Details of these and of individual holidays in the sun from:

ERNA LOW, 47 (NS), Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 8881.

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Paris, 10 days	£13 0 0
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Mixed parties of students and young people. Departures from July to Oct.
Write for brochure: The London Atelier Travel Service, 19 London St, London, W2. PAD. 1765.

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TURKEY. Personally conducted aircruise visiting Belgrade, Istanbul, Izmir, Salonika, Naples 26 Sept./10 Oct. First-class hotels. Excursions included 96 gns. Esmitours, 50 Northey Avenue, Cheam, Surrey.

PRIVATE Party, Rome, Assisi. 30 June-14 July 38 gns. 37 Coronation Rd, Sheerness.

SPANISH Holiday in Deva £30, non-students £27 incl. full board in hotel, rail fare. Richardson, 46 Argyll Rd, W8.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1959 booklet, 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

BASQUE Coast, Hendaye. 15 days' camp tour, dep. 1 Aug. £25. Also other dates; details s.a.e. Box 7245.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage available to Bombay, £53 10s. Colombo, £56 10s. Singapore, £81 10s. Sydney via Panama £150. Indian National Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, Lon., WC1. HOL. 1193.

BRITISH-Yugoslav Society special holiday. Write: Sylvia Morris, Hon. Travel Sec., BYS, Renaissance Holidays Ltd, 28 Finchley Rd, St John's Wood, London, NW8.

THE British Youth Festival Committee announces: Tours to Czechoslovakia and USSR after Vienna Festival. Festival plus 4 days in Czechoslovakia – £45 approx. Festival plus 7 days in USSR – £74 approx. Festival plus stay in Hungary, Austria – details later. For information: s.a.e. to BYFC, 351 Gorwell Road, London, EC1.

PS. Harold Ingham has arranged two special 'Economy Tours' to Athens (outward travel by Venice, homeward by Rome) at a cost of 49 gns. for 18 days. Information on these and many other parties to follow Art and Architecture and Language Courses and to listen to Music abroad may be obtained from Harold Ingham Ltd, 15 St John's Road, Harrow. HARrow 1040.

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OPERA AND BALLET

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13 April at 7.30 The Prince of the Pagodas
15 April at 7.30 Danse Concertante, Fête Etrange, Petrushka
16 April at 7.30 The Lady and the Fool, Harlequin in April, Petrushka

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
14 & 17 April at 7.30 Turandot
18 April at 7.30 The Magic Flute
COV. 1066

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last perfs. 2.30, 7.30. The Hogarth Puppets. Com. 14 Apr. Mary Ellis in 'Dark Halo'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. 3-yr Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sn. 4. 10th Ed. 12th week. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems tkt.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Sat. 5. & 8.15. Margaret Johnston in 'Sugar in the Morning', by Donald Howarth.

TH. Royal, E15. Mar., 5973, 8. S. 5, 8. 'Fings Ain't Wot They Used T' Be'.

TOWER. 7.30. 17, 18 (mems. 19), 23, 24, 25 Apr.: 'Peer Gynt'. – CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), CAN. 3475 (before 6), Canonbury, N.1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Fri. St. Sn. 7.45. 'God Bless the Guv'nor' by Ted Willis. Mems.

ANNUAL Jewish Drama Festival. Rudolf Steiner Theatre 33 Park Rd (nr Baker St Stn) Wed. 15 April. Tickets 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. from J. Goodman, EAL. 4492 & at door on night. Doors open 6.30 p.m. Curtain 7 p.m.

CONCERTS

PAUL Robeson, Cy Grant and many other artistes at African Peoples' Freedom Day Concert, St Pancras Town Hall, Euston Rd, 7.30 Sun. 19 April. Tickets 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. from Movement for Colonial Freedom, 374 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1. TER. 1078.

FIRST Recital in England of the eminent Polish Pianist, Wladyslaw Kedra, Royal Festival Hall, Sun. 19 April, at 3 p.m., Chopin: 12 Etudes, Op. 10, 12 Etudes, Op. 25; Liszt: Sonata in B minor, Sonetto di Petrarca (No. 3), La Campanella (after Paganini). Tickets: 15s., 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s., 5s., 3s. 6d., Box Office (WAT. 3191)/usual Agts.

GUITAR Society Recital. Caxton Hall, Victoria St, SW1. Mon., 13 April, 8 p.m 3s. 6d. at door.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). 'The Bolshoi Ballet' (U). Eastman colour.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Everyman Resurrection Series 2: Until 12 April: Ford's 'The Long Voyage Home' (A). From 13 April: Robert Lynen in Duvivier's 'Poil de Carotte' (X).

ROXY, BAY. 2345. Week comm. 12 Apl. Garbo, 'Queen Christina' (A). Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz, 'Forever Darling' (U).

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Mon. 20 Apr., 8. Hedli Anderson, songs. Bertolt Brecht, Weill, Eisler, Dessau, piano accordion, guitar. 1 performance only.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Art Films. Films by Frank Avray Wilson, dealing with five British artists' work and with the relation of art and environment. Thurs, 16 April, 7 p.m. Members 1s. 6d., Guests 3s.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, Saturday, 11 April, 8-11 p.m. Mems 3s. & their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

TREASURES OF CAMBRIDGE
Unique collection of paintings, silver, MSS, sculpture, etc.
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Admission 2s. 6d.

GANYMED Reproductions of paintings from public and private collections. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Great Turnstile, London, WC1.

ODILON Redon: Lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 9 May: Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. (Admits also to Reynolds Stone.)

PAINTING & Drawing: 1-4 May at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also 'Mozart' and 'Pewter Jewellery'. 9 May Bring & Buy.

PAINTINGS for hire, yearly sub. 1 gn. and 7s. 6d. per month per painting. AIA, 15 Lisle St, WC2.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. 1st One-Man Show by Donald Cammell.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings by Fred Uhlman & Carel Weight, ARA, 7 April to 2 May.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Man Ray: Retrospective. Including Paintings, Photographs, Objects, Drawings. Until 25 April. Wkdays 10-6, Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s. Mems. free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St, W1. Christopher Wood. The First Retrospective Exhibition since 1938. Hrs 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closing 8 May.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Signori – Sculpture. Anita De Caro – Collages. To 1 May 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

ST George's Gallery, Ceri Richards – The Hammerklavier Theme: 6 new lithographs with associated collages, 1-25 April, 10-6, 10-1. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

KAPLAN Gallery. 'Paintings by Atlan' until 2 May, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1. WHI. 8665.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. Paintings by Anthony Gross and Anne Dunn. Water-colours by John Marshall, 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Avigdor Arikha – Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 2 May. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

REYNOLDS Stone: Engravings and Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 9 May, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. (Amits also to Odilon Redon.)

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Rodin: Bronzes and Drawings.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Edgard Pillet, till 17 April. Daily 10-6; except Sunday.

FRANCIS Gruber: An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 3 May. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. 6 April-17 April. Macmiadhachain. Strannik – Paintings. Donald Brook – Sculpture. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries, Alexander Mackenzie: recent paintings. 2 Cork Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: The Graven Image: An exhibition of recent prints and drawings by British artists. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

Universities & Left Review Club
MICHAEL FOOT leads discussion on AFTER ALDERMASTON. CND, Labour Party & Trade Union Youth section particularly invited. The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1. Mon. 13 April 7.30. 2s. Mems 1s.
ULR Discussion Group: Hist. of Socialism. 'The Split in the International' – Ralph Samuel, Sun. 12 April, 7.30. LBC, 7 Carlisle St, W11.

'CENTRAL Africa'. John Stonehouse, MP, Michael Stewart, MP. Tuesday 14 April 7.30. Fulham Town Hall, opposite Fulham Broadway Station. Fulham Co-operative Party.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed. 15 April. 'Election Forecasting': Mark Abrams, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. 7.30. Visitors 2s. 6d.

EUROPE House, 161 Fleet St, EC4. Professor Guido Carli will speak on 'OEEC: Is It Obsolete?' at Europe House on Wednesday, 15 April, 1959, at 6.30 p.m. Chairman: Mr. F. M. Bennett, MP. The Public is cordially invited to hear Professor Carli.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri., 10 April, 8 p.m. Dr. N. Zernov 'Spirit of Russian Orthodoxy'. Tuesday, 14 April, 8 p.m. Christopher Mayhew, MP (Chairman, Soviet Relations, British Council) on return from USSR, 'The New Development of Cultural Relations between England and Russia'. Fri., 17 April, 8 p.m. Bishop Bessac Toumayan, 'Armenian Church'. Chair.: Bishop James Virvos. Sun., 19 April, 4 p.m., at French Inst., Queensberry Place, SW7. Soviet Films, 'Leningrad', 'High Cost'. (Dir. Mark Donskoi). Seats res. in adv. 3s. 6d. (mems. 2s.) from 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. PARk 7696.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 15 April, 6.30: 'St Francis of Assisi – a Buddhist Appreciation', R. Percheron. Also Study Class, Tues., 14 April, 6.30, and Saturday Group, 18 April, 3 p.m. (reading, discussion & tea, open to all – bring your friends!). Read 'The Middle Way' (3s.) for all Buddhist news & views. N.B. Summer School, Hoddesdon, 28 Aug.-4 Sept., only £9! Inf.: TAT. 1313.

'RAILWAYS into Roads?' Railway Development Association and Railway Conversion League, Public discussion. Tuesday 14 April, the Caxton Hall, SW1. 7.30 p.m.

SOCIALIST Labour League. Public meeting. Against Nuclear War and Mass Unemployment. for Colonial Freedom and Socialism; Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, Sunday, 12 April, 7.30 p.m. Speakers: Brian Behan, Peter Fryer, Gerry Healy.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

FILM & TV, including live broadcasts: 'The Visual Persuaders', National Film Theatre, 3 May-10 May. Full programme from John Morley, Joint Council for Education Through Art, 1 Cambalt Road, SW15.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Art. 'Artists' and Aesthetics in Post-War Paris': The painter Atlan will speak about recent art and artists. Interlocutors: George Le Breton and Ewan Phillips. Tuesday 14 April 8.15 p.m. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council Tu. 14 Apr. 8.15, at Burgh Hse, New End Sq, NW3. Prof. G. H. Hamilton, Yale Univ.: Contemporary American Painting. Mem. 2s. Vis. 2s. 6d.

IWC London Branch. Fri. 17 Apr. 8.30 p.m. Free. Dr L. Pallavicini. 'Venice'. (slides). 62 Queens Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

'CATALAN spatial architecture', public lecture by John H. Harvey, FSA, FRSL, 18 April, 5 p.m., Institute of Education College Rooms, 15 Bedford Way, WC1. Anglo-Catalan Society Conference.' Adm. free.

TIBET. Mr A. T. D'Eye will speak. Also 35mm colour film 'Road to Lhasa'. Wednesday 15 April at 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Adm. 1s. at door. BCFA.

DAME May Curwen, DBE, a leading authority on Refugees in the World Today, speaks on this subject at 36 Lower Sloane St, SW1, Tues. 14 April, 8 p.m. Westminster Branch UNA invites you to this discn. mtg.

GRODDECK'S 'It and the Unconscious', by Oscar Köllerström, Thurs. 16 April, 8.15 p.m., Caxton Hall, Caxton St, SW1.

FILM Show, Watford Branch Progressive League: March to Aldermaston and three other films. Also first showing: March from Aldermaston, 1959. At Cookery Nook, 93 The Parade, High St, Watford. Train met, 7.38, Watford Junction Station, leaves Euston 7.7. Thursday, 16 April, 7.45.

WEA London District Rally, Bedford College. Saturday 11 April 3-11 p.m. Address by Denys C. Holland, MA. 'Liberty and Law'. Concert. Miscellany on 'The Press'. Dance etc. Admission 5s.

THE Alternative to the Labour Party – Socialist Party of Great Britain Public Meeting – Monday, 13 April, at 8 p.m. Co-op. Hall, 197 Mare Street, E8. Admission free. Questions & discussion.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sunday, 12 April, 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. Arlo Tatum, 'On Being a Missionary'.

W. Q. JUDGE: Public Lectures on his Writings. Sun. 12 April, 8 p.m. 'On Spiritualist Phenomena'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2 (PAD. 0688).

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 12 Apr. H. J. Blackham, BA, 'Happiness, Virtue and Duty Revalued'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 12 April, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m., 'The Good Life': A. A. Burall.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 18 April at 6 p.m. Signor C. Baglì: Alessandro Manzoni e la lingua italiana.

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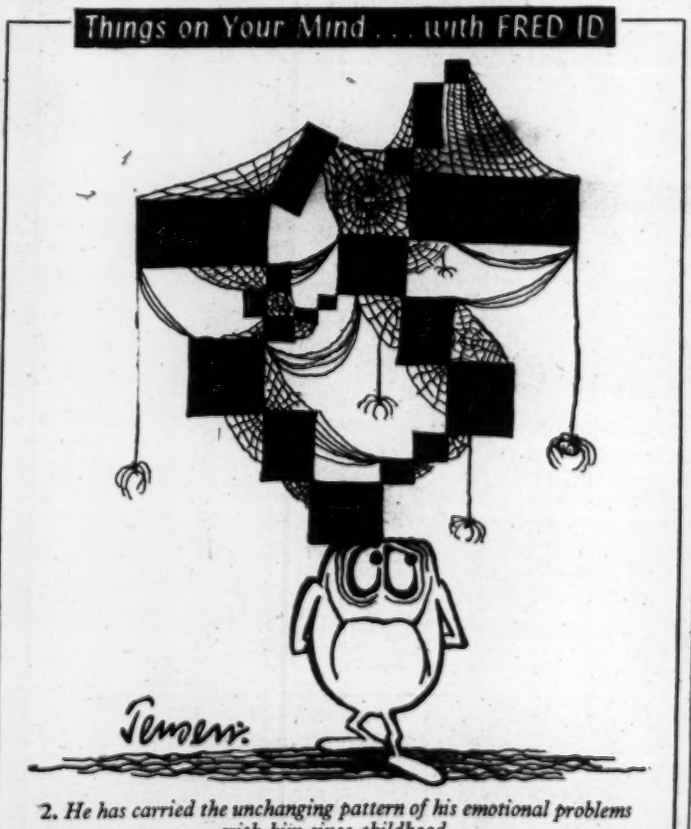
KALARASIKA. Study Group for Indian Dance & Music. Details on request of Classes, Discussions & Recitals. Secretary, 'Kalarasika', 3 Clanricarde Gardens, W2.

LECTURE COURSES—contd. on page 527



2. He has carried the unchanging pattern of his emotional problems with him since childhood.

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